

TAPE RECORDED:  
**Lester B. Pearson**

**Blair Fraser**

**Lionel Shapiro**

**CANADA  
IN THE WORLD**

**The streets of Canada: Toronto's Spadina Avenue**

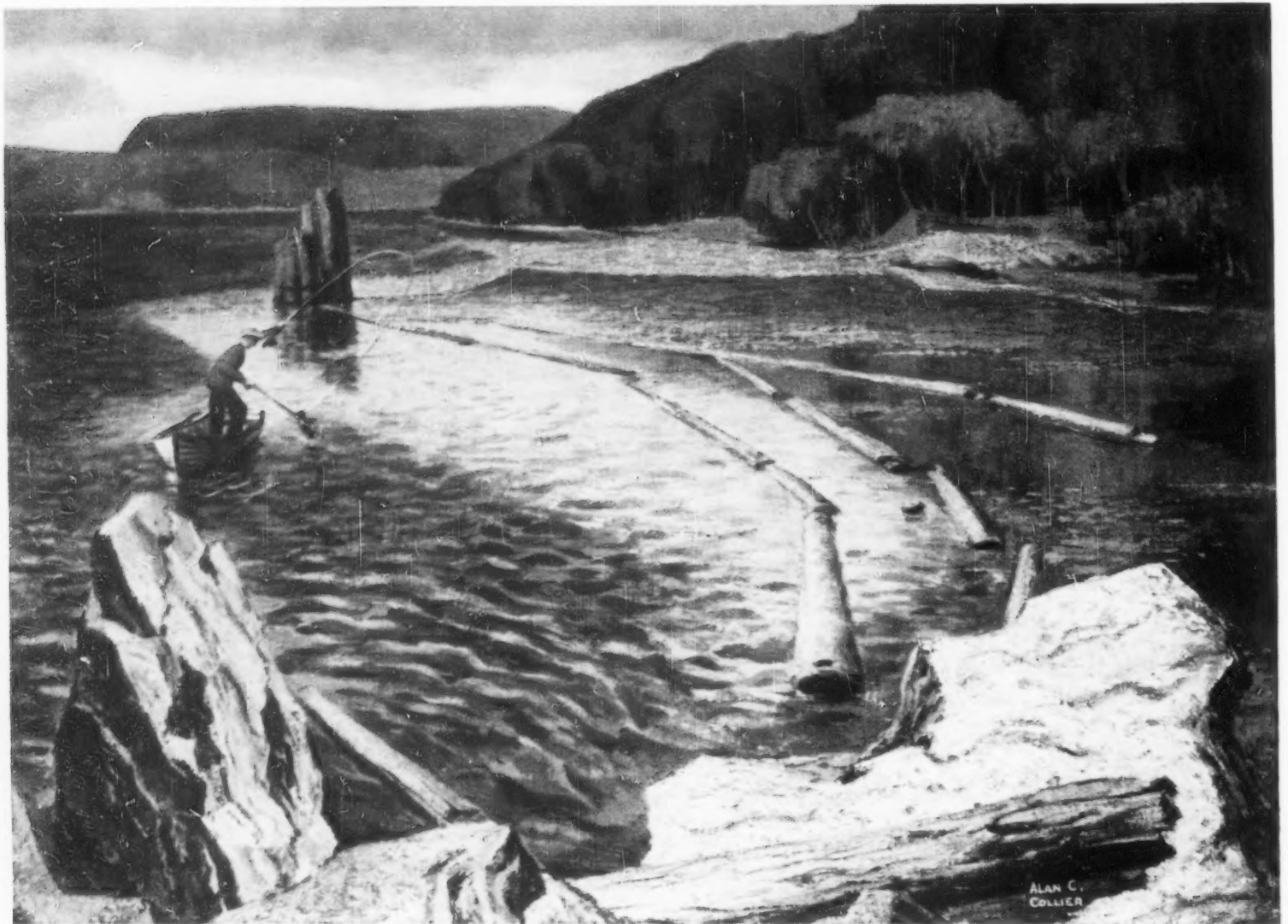
**IS THE RCMP A THREAT TO OUR LIBERTY?**

# MACLEAN'S

JULY 6 1957 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS



# ALL CANADIAN



"Northern Ontario River" was painted by the Canadian artist Alan C. Collier, A.R.C.A., O.S.A. This is one of a series of paintings depicting all-Canadian scenes commissioned by Canadian Oil Companies, Limited. With the full co-operation of The National Gallery of Canada, several of this country's most distinguished artists were selected to portray their impressions of their native land. Reproductions of this painting, (18" x 14 1/2") suitable for framing, are available on request at no charge. Request forms may be obtained at all White Rose Dealers.



Ontario—"High Rock near water"—so the Iroquois named this teeming province, seeing only the rushing waterways and rugged mountains of the north.

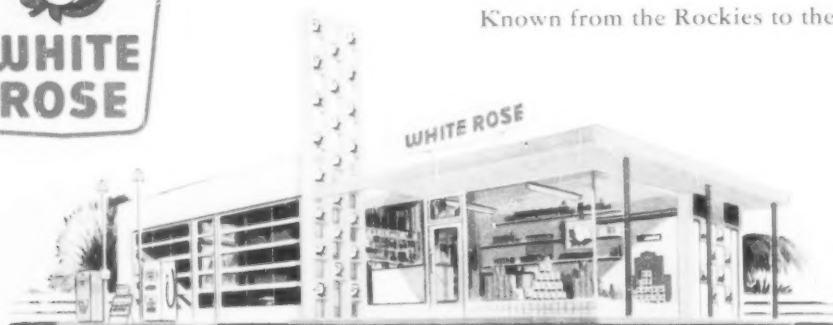
Beyond his imagining, were today's roaring industrial south, Windsor, Hamilton, Oshawa, the surging grain and tobacco of the west, the holiday areas—Muskoka, Lake of Bays, Georgian Bay—the scented fairyland of Niagara at fruit-blossom-time—a mosaic laced with broad inviting highways—truly unique and truly *all Canadian*.

Canadian Oil Companies, Limited too is *all Canadian*—from the Rockies to the Atlantic wherever you drive, White Rose Dealers are ready to serve you, with top quality petroleum products.

Known from the Rockies to the Atlantic as "The Pick of Them All".



• THE PICK OF THEM ALL!



**CANADIAN OIL**  
COMPANIES, LIMITED

The All-Canadian Company

Producers, Refiners and Marketers

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, JULY 6, 1957



# PREVIEW

A LOOK AT TOMORROW IN TERMS OF TODAY

- ✓ TV sets to get slimmer, women's styles stouter
- ✓ Big U.S. buildup ahead for Dr. Hans Selye
- ✓ We're going to woo tourist \$\$\$ with soft soap

**TV SETS WILL BE SLIMMER** next year — by about six inches — moving in the direction of picture-frame TV. Sylvania tried a pared-down picture tube on a "slimline" portable this year and sales bounced 30 percent. It will go into most of the firm's 1958 cabinet models, cutting depth of the sets by six inches. Other manufacturers are expected to follow.

**COMPLAINTS BY MOTORISTS** against salt corrosion on their cars may stir action by next winter in a few smaller Canadian cities, while bigger ones sit by. Victoria, Sudbury and Stratford have experimented with a chemical added to salt before it is sprayed on roads to melt snow and ice; it cuts corrosion up to ninety percent. Cost: two cents per capita per year. Meanwhile thousands of drivers in salt-sprayed Toronto and Montreal are resigned either to paying for protective undercoating or taking their chances with rust.



**PREVIEWING FASHION:** It will be the Backward Look next fall — back to the Thirties, that is. **Main trends:** cocoon-shaped coats, tight around the knees, with big collars and wide sloping shoulders; backless dinner gowns with long sleeves; double-breasted, belted jackets with big flap pockets. The over-all effect will be this: girls can relax on their diets. While the figure will not be entirely concealed it will be displayed less prominently.

**NEW SECRET WEAPON** in the butter-margarine war will probably be yellow-tinted transparent film wrapping for margarine. On the shelves it will look exactly like butter. Those who have followed the battle know that most provinces prohibit artificially colored margarine—unless you add the color yourself—so that butter remains easily distinguishable as butter alongside white margarine. The film is designed to fool you, or if you prefer, help you fool yourself.

**STRATFORD'S GOING ON TOUR** next season. A troupe from the Festival Company will visit centres in eastern Canada and the U.S., as well as appearing on Canadian TV in two spectaculars sponsored by Inco. Plays for the tour and TV won't be Shakespeare—the Bard's being reserved for Stratford's own stage.



**CANADA'S MOST CELEBRATED DOCTOR** since Sir William Osler — that's the position U.S. book distributors are reserving for Dr. Hans Selye, whose controversial concept of stress as the basis of all man's ills has won international attention (Maclean's Oct. 13, 1956). His theories will be projected into a simple "how-to-do-it" telling millions how to adjust to stress conditions in modern life.

**SOFTER SOAP FOR U.S. TOURISTS** will be encouraged this summer by the Canadian Government Travel Bureau. With American money at a discount (about 5 percent) in Canada, the bureau is asking the tourist industry to be "nice" to the visitors about the exchange rate: Explain to them that our money's at a premium because of heavy U.S. investments in Canada.

**PREVIEWING WEATHER:** Kids on holidays may not like this: Long-range forecast by Weather Engineering Corporation of Canada says it will be warm but intermittently wet in most of the country toward the end of June and in the first week of July, some rain everywhere on the Dominion Day week end, after that — **WARM.** Regional outlook: Maritimes — warm toward month end, scattered showers on June 29 week end; Quebec and Ontario — wet in last week of June, some rain on holiday week end, turning warm in July; Prairies — warm, a few showers June 29 week end; British Columbia — not much rainfall, getting warmer,

## WATCH FOR

A BIG ZECKENDORF DEAL / NEW COSTAIN HIT  
LIBBY MORRIS MAKING GOOD / TV FOR KIDS



Morris

Zeckendorf

**WOMAN TO WATCH:** Comedienne Libby Morris, who like many Canadians is shining in London show business. When the BBC recently tested a TV panel show everyone was so bad the show was dropped—but not Libby. BBC signed her to a contract and is now looking for a show for her.

**MAN TO WATCH:** William Zeckendorf, New York real-estate millionaire

who has been negotiating a major deal in Toronto. Insiders say it could change the downtown area. He has already started to rebuild downtown Montreal and Vancouver's outskirts.

**BOOK TO WATCH:** Best-selling Thomas Costain, well known to Maclean's readers, may top the lists again next fall with *Below the Salt*, the story of a U.S. senator who backtracks his Irish ancestry with unusual results: he finds he's his own ancestor.

**TV TO WATCH:** CBC's aiming at young fry in two new summer shows: Summer Camping, starting July 1 from Montreal, with camping hints by Lewis Thomas, an expert from the Caughnawaga Indian reserve; Swing Your Partners, starting July 3 from Winnipeg.

## TOURIST OUTLOOK

A province-by-province survey

**CANADA EXPECTS TO BE HOST** to 30 million visitors this year—two million more than last year—and we've never spent so much getting ready for them. In spite of perennial slurs on our tourist facilities we're improving them at an unprecedented rate; Ottawa figures we'll spend \$137 million this year on restaurants, clubs, resorts and recreation other than theatre.

Add to that \$41 million for hotels and motels—a jump of \$9 million over last year and \$24 million over 1955.

Most of the visitors will arrive by car from the U.S., but the CPR, CNR and TCA are getting ready for record travel too. They've spent \$127 million in improvements and new equipment.

✓ **Wide-open Quebec** expects a ten-percent increase in tourist traffic. The province has 5,000 motels where there were 800 ten years ago; \$18 million has been spent on new building in the past year.

✓ **In Ontario** a thousand motels will bid for their share of an estimated six million visitors, some with everything from TV and broadband to house physicians, bars and baby-sitters. Almost \$19 million has been spent in the past year on new hotels and motels.

✓ **Relaxed liquor laws in Manitoba** have encouraged new building. Improvements to three restaurants in Winnipeg alone have cost half a million. There are now twenty-one cabarets or cocktail lounges in Manitoba; none last year.

✓ **In Saskatchewan** \$8½ million is being spent on new motels and resorts

with the emphasis on fishing and hunting lodges. Additional thousands are going into the 200-mile Qu'Appelle Valley where swimming beaches are being developed.

✓ **Nine new hotels** are opening in **Alberta** this year. Cost \$5 million. Newer hotels are ready with cocktail lounges which may be granted by plebiscite this fall.

✓ **British Columbia's** tourist industry, worth \$90 million a year, has doubled in a decade. In 1948 there were 650 motels and resorts. Last year there were 1,500. A new type of tourist shelter is growing in the suburbs: "drive-in hotels." They offer the motel's ease of access by car with hotel standards in dining rooms and cocktail lounges.

✓ **In Nova Scotia and New Brunswick**, where public drinking is restricted, some hotels are pessimistic. The CPR has indicated that for lack of business it may have to close down hotels in Kentville, Digby and Yarmouth. Howard Elliott, owner of the Dresden Arms Hotel, Halifax, says: "We are playing with tourism. The government will have to let hotels sell liquor or go into the hotel business itself."

✓ **But Prince Edward Island** reports heavier tourist bookings, although there are no public outlets for beer, wine or liquor by the glass.

✓ **In Newfoundland** Premier Joe Smallwood is thinking of subsidizing hotels, motels and some rooming houses to improve standards and win tourists.

## TV TREND

More soap opera; it rules French network

**MORE SOAP OPERA**, not less, seems likely for Canadian TV, especially on the French network where viewers can't seem to get enough of it.

It's no surprise when teleratings show that 195,000 out of 250,000 French-Canadian set owners watch the incredibly popular Plouffe



Mama Plouffe

Family each week (60,000 of them tune in again two nights later to see the same episode in English). But what is a surprise is the fact that 70,000 French Canadians are constant fans of

December Bride, another family-type show, in English. This is 4,000 more Quebecois than the high-budget Ed Sullivan Show attracts and 10,000 more than Perry Como.

So popular are the Plouffes that when it was reported recently in Maclean's that Roger Lemelin, who writes the scripts, was thinking of quitting, the CBC experienced a mild panic. Lemelin is being offered more money to continue. Outside of their devotion to the Plouffes, French Canadians have no overpowering loyalties—as long as it's soap opera. They even go for the doggy kind. Rin Tin Tin in English draws 12,000 more French-speaking than English-speaking viewers (the ratio of sets is 250,000 French to 140,000 English).

# BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA WITH BLAIR FRASER

"Just wait until we're in opposition!" the Liberals always boasted. Well, let's see what they can do!



One morning several years ago I dropped in on a young parliamentary assistant, recently appointed, who was having his first good look at Big Government from the inside. He was working on estimates, one of those thick loose-leaf volumes that contain all the spending plans of a government department, and his mood was one of exasperation. "Oh how I would like to be in the opposition," he said. "These poor Tories don't know where to look. It isn't their fault—they've been out of office so long, and so many things have changed in the meantime, there is no way they can tell what to shoot at any more."

He gave the volume of estimates a petulant shove.

"Boy, we would know where to look," he said. "We would know muscle from fat. We would know who was trying to get away with what. If we were in opposition—m-m-m!"

That conversation was a rather extreme example of a Liberal daydream which, in the eight years since the great Liberal landslide of 1949, has been commoner than you might think. Many a back-bencher and more than one cabinet minister would admit, in the frankness of after-dinner chat, that the Liberal government was too strong and had been in power too long for its own good. My young friend, the parliamentary assistant, was not the only Grit, nor the most eminent, who used to think wistfully what fun it would be to sit on the other side of the House for a

while. There were so many targets that the opposition didn't even see.

I don't mean graft or scandal or even impropriety of any major kind, not at all. What these death-wishful Grits yearned to expose was not a chamber of horrors, but an accumulation of junk in the attic.

"How can I tell the opposition what to attack in my department?" a cabinet minister once asked, only half facetiously. "They keep harping on the things we do best, telling us to do them even better. The things we do badly they don't even notice."

"Why don't they go after our Ossification Division, for instance? It is absolutely useless, it should never have been set up in the first place, and the director is a pompous imbecile. Why don't the opposition demand that I abolish the whole silly outfit?"

Why not abolish it himself, without waiting to be prompted?

"Because a minister can't do that sort of thing—not often, anyway. A minister is supposed to stick up for his department. He's supposed to defend it in parliament, beg for it at Treasury Board, make speeches about how wise and efficient it is. If I went around firing everybody who isn't any good, morale in the department would go to pieces—I'd have a sitdown strike on my hands in no time."

Needless to say, this was not a serious conversation, but the minister was speaking the exact truth just the same.

In a private business the mere pressure of competition keeps this sort of thing

from getting out of hand. No such pressure affects a department of government. If an item is passed by the Treasury Board (and Treasury Board normally passes an item which has been passed before, if it hasn't been increased too much) and if the opposition doesn't know which items are which, there is nothing to prevent a useless division from going on forever—or at least until government and opposition change places, which until lately seemed like much the same thing.

Of the many Canadians who voted for "a stronger opposition," I don't suppose many had precisely this change in mind. But a stronger opposition is certainly what we've got.

Indeed, considered in those terms, the Liberals have not been as hard hit by the decimation of the cabinet as they seem to be when considered as a government.

Right Hon. C. D. Howe, for instance, was a giant on the government side—one of the ablest executives in Canada, a genius at getting things done. Howe would have been no help at all in opposition. He'd have gone to sleep. Howe's talents and interests are in doing things, not in arguing about how they should be done.

Much the same thing is true of Bob Winters, the young engineer who was Minister of Public Works until his defeat in Queens-Lunenburg, Nova Scotia. Winters spent twelve years as a member of parliament but never quite got used to thinking of himself as a poli-

tician—he is an engineer, and engineers don't like politicians.

Even as a minister, Winters had the unusual weakness of being open to conviction. When he listened to the arguments of the opposition he was sometimes moved to think that maybe they were right. This is bad enough for a politician when he is in office; out of office, it is fatal.

Milton Gregg in New Brunswick and Hugues Lapointe in Quebec have a similar defect of character—they are both too good-natured. Stuart Garson of Manitoba is a keen debater, but maybe a touch too keen (too academic, that is) for commando duty in the House of Commons.

Of all the defeated ministers Walter Harris is probably the worst loss to a party in opposition. No spellbinder, Harris has nevertheless a gift for brief, dry, factual rejoinders that have a deflating effect on other people's oratory. He has also, as Minister of Finance, acquired an intimate knowledge of the workings of government which would have been invaluable.

Not only the Liberals but even more the Progressive Conservatives take on different shapes and sizes when you try to picture them on the other side of the House of Commons.

Some of them, too, have been handicapped by good nature during their long years in the wilderness. The most notorious example is, of course, J. M. Macdonnell, who has been financial critic ever since he was first elected in 1945. In that role he himself has been criticized, and always for the same fault—too gentle. You would often suppose that he didn't really disagree with the Minister of Finance, that he too could see the practical problems facing the minister and even sympathize with the attempt made to solve them.

More commonly, though, the Conservative MP has been the opposite type. Only one, Hon. Earl Rowe, had ever held office before, and he only for a few months in 1935 at the tail end of the Bennett regime. The rest have been bred and born in the briar patch of opposition, and some are rather prickly customers.

That is speaking of the older hands, of course, the veterans of the twenty-second and of previous parliaments. More than half of John Diefenbaker's cohorts in the new parliament are new men. Some, like Dick Bell of Carleton, are well known in politics even though newcomers to the House of Commons—Bell was national director of the Progressive Conservative Party through several of its leanest years, and qualifies as a combat veteran thereby. Others are complete strangers outside their own communities, not only to the general public but even to their own colleagues.

Sorting out this throng and separating the men from the boys will be quite a task. Even more forbidding, since every politician thinks of himself as cabinet timber, is the thought of selecting a government from among its ranks. This problem is always complicated by the divergent claims of ability and seniority.

There is one comfort, though. Seventeen vacancies in the Senate, and half a dozen ambassadorships that are either open now or soon to become so, give any party leader a certain freedom of movement. Such consolation prizes will go far to soothe the lacerated feelings of frustrated statesmen. ★



Now the man who ran the game gets a crack at the targets.



## BACKSTAGE AT THE POLLS

How Joan and David Watts made up their minds to use their votes

IN THE JUNE 8 ISSUE of Maclean's, our readers will recall, a young Canadian couple, Joan and David Watts, of Toronto, asked the leaders of the nation's four major political parties: "Why should we vote for you?"

Joan, a teacher, and David, a university student in commerce, are both 21 and were voting for the first time. "Neither of us, as yet, has any settled loyalty to any party," they wrote in identical letters to Louis St. Laurent, the Liberal leader; John Diefenbaker, Progressive Conservative; M. J. Coldwell, CCF, and Solon Low, Social Credit. "What we ask of you," they added,



The Watts, like many, wanted a change.

"is a clear statement of the constructive policies of each party."

Each of the leaders replied, stating the basic platforms of their parties.

And how did the Watts vote?  
Progressive Conservative!  
Why?

"We think the Liberals have been in power too long and have developed a kind of power complex," Joan and David decided. "This was notably illustrated in the closure invoked by the Liberals to smother debate on the pipeline. Although we thought each of the other parties seemed honestly concerned with the political and economic welfare of the country, we felt that to vote CCF or Social Credit would dilute the probability of putting the Liberals out of office."

The Watts said they endorsed John Diefenbaker's view of Liberal government: "Too much power in a small group."

"We thought it was time for a change," they said.

## Background

- ✓ How to save travel dollars
- ✓ What your children cost
- ✓ Will they forgive Endicott?

Some Trans-Atlantic travelers are saving on plane and ship fares by converting to U.S. dollars (they get about 5 percent extra), then buying tickets. The reason is that a number of lines make no distinction between Canadian and U.S. funds. You can do it anywhere on Air France and on French Line and Holland-America ships, but only if you leave from an American airport or port on KLM Royal Dutch and Scandinavian airlines and Cunard steamships.

A triumph for the good old-fashioned safety razor! Production of blades in Canada jumped nearly 2½ percent last year, while the output of electric shavers dropped 15 percent. Blades took their worst beating in 1952 when production slumped ten percent.

What's it cost to raise a child? About \$500 a year, not counting food and shelter. That's what Thomas Woo, a Winnipeg shopkeeper, figures after keeping a detailed account of what he's spent raising two small sons in normal comfort but not extravagance for two years. For son Glen it was \$600 the first year and \$405 the second. Son Harvey isn't costing as much since he inherited Glen's clothes.

Dr. James Endicott, the renegade United Church minister who resigned his pulpit to become propagandist for the Canadian Communist "peace councils," is quietly trying to get back. He has applied for a mission, but so far has been refused.

Will Robert Anderson's job as Secretary of the U.S. Treasury give Canada a new champion in top U.S. councils? Perhaps, but as boss of Ventures Ltd., Canadian mining empire, he was mostly in New York and never familiar on Toronto's Bay Street where the firm has offices. George Humphrey, whom he succeeds, was perhaps closer to Canada as a director of Iron Ore Co. of Canada and a champion of the Seaway.

## Backstage AT THE RACETRACK / Is Morrissey feudin' again with his horses' names?

A UNIQUE AND WHIMSICAL twist has developed in the 10-year-old feud between Willie Morrissey, a colorful and widely known Toronto horseman, and his arch-enemy Fred Orpen, who was once the biggest racetrack operator in Canada. Since 1947, when they quarreled, Morrissey had been naming many of the horses he breeds in such a way as to heap calumny on Orpen. Some of their names are Red Nose Fred, Power Drunk, Stole the Ring, Hot Ice and Rabbit Mouth.

Morrissey has never admitted any connection between these names and Orpen, and Orpen for his part has never made any complaint. "He can call them whatever he likes," he says.

It came as a shock to everyone therefore when S. Tupper Bigelow, chairman of the Ontario Racing Commission, recently dragged the whole thing into the open by ordering the lessee of six Mor-

rissey horses, Blanche Armstrong, to change their names or be barred from racing. It was the first time the ORC had ever taken such action. Why at this late date was it trying to defend Orpen?

The answer that fled around the sheds was that the ORC was not worried so much about Orpen as it was about E. P. Taylor, the Toronto financier who has succeeded Orpen as the biggest racetrack operator in Canada. For Willie Morrissey is reportedly feuding with Taylor as well, and getting ready to name some more horses.

Their rift, according to stable gossip, occurred last fall at the Bunt Lawless Stakes, named for a famous Morrissey horse. Morrissey, under the impression that he was to decorate the winner, turned up in the enclosure. There he found Taylor's secretary, Beth McKnight Heriot, doing the honors. Taylor said that Morrissey hadn't been invited. Morrissey turned his back on the tableau and angrily stomped away.

It was almost a carbon copy of the incident that started the Morrissey-Orpen feud ten years ago. Angered at what he considered an affront by Orpen to two of his favorite horses, Casa Camara and Hi Bunt, Morrissey refused to go to the winner's circle to accept a diamond ring given by Orpen in the Diamond Ring stakes, won by

Casa Camara. Orpen in turn refused to give it to anyone else, and kept it. The next crop of Morrissey yearlings carried such names as Red Nose Fred, Gem Thief and Double Crossed.

Both Morrissey and Orpen pretended to see nothing in the names, but they must certainly have been aware of a famous precedent for them. In the early Twenties Harry Sinclair, a wealthy U.S. financier, sold a horse named Playfellow to a fellow horseman, Quincy Johnson, for \$100,000. When Johnson got the horse in his stable, however, he decided it was unsound and asked for his money back. Sinclair refused. Johnson took the case to court, but lost, whereupon he began to perpetuate the deal by giving the progeny of Playfellow such names as Caveat Emptor and Poor Sport. When Sinclair later suffered financial reverses and his stable broke up Johnson named a final colt Repaid.



Willie Morrissey: smart with a name.



Fred Orpen: were the names for him?

## Backstage WITH THE FAMILY BUDGET / How you spend depends on where you live; here's the picture city by city

THE AVERAGE CANADIAN city family now spends \$4,424 a year, but budgets vary with geography. Vancouver families spend more on food than other urban Canadians, while Toronto and Halifax families pay the most for housing.

A new survey of family spending habits in seven cities by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics (see accompanying table) shows some startling results:

✓ Although Montreal has more night spots and entertainment than other Canadian cities, the average Montreal household spends far less on recreation than most Halifax families.

✓ Because they enjoy fewer outside releases, perhaps, Montrealers spend a much greater part of their salaries on cigarettes and alcohol than the Blues.

✓ Toronto is the most expensive place

to live, but it's now being chased for this dubious honor by Edmonton and Vancouver. Winnipeg is the cheapest of the largest cities in which to live.

✓ Halifax families donate the most to charity and spend the most for insurance and other forms of security, even though their living costs are high.

✓ Most city families spend as much on cars as they do for clothing, and six times as much for drinking and smoking as for books and magazines.

Where your yearly earnings go	Kitchener-						
	Halifax	Montreal	Toronto	Waterloo	Winnipeg	Edmonton	Vancouver
FOOD	\$1,040	\$1,151	\$1,159	\$1,047	\$1,027	\$1,108	\$1,178
HOUSEHOLD OPERATION	1,281	1,159	1,290	1,205	999	1,171	1,227
CLOTHING	395	391	373	379	359	378	380
TRANSPORTATION	367	372	574	503	504	570	413
MEDICAL & PERSONAL CARE	282	281	286	288	280	259	263
RECREATION	270	125	147	176	213	224	203
READING	36	30	28	29	25	31	36
CIGARETTES & ALCOHOL	133	208	184	131	159	145	162
CHARITY	126	93	112	117	86	86	110
PERSONAL TAXES	223	208	275	262	227	267	276
SECURITY	221	173	204	194	169	174	144

## Editorial

### We were dead wrong on your vote— we'd forgotten how tough you are

*For better or for worse, we Canadians have once more elected one of the most powerful governments ever created by the free will of a free electorate. We have given that government an almost unexampled vote of confidence, considering the length of its term in office. It could easily be forgiven for accepting this as a mandate to resume the kindly tyranny it has exercised over parliament and the people for more than twenty years.*

The above collector's item, displayed prominently on our editorial page, began reaching the readers of this magazine on the day after the recent federal election. Although it has been received with a flattering degree of attention, it would be a serious exaggeration to say that we are proud of having created it. To get down to brass tacks and to borrow from our own orotund prose of previous date, it represents an almost unexampled ease of editorial fatheadedness. We consider it worthy of a place in our trade's chamber of horrors beside the newspaper headlines and magazine covers which in November 1948 greeted Thomas E. Dewey as the new president of the United States some hours and days after he had been liquidated by Harry Truman.

We apologize for our error, which was of two dimensions. In the first and simplest dimension it was an attempt to beat a deadline with a crystal ball. In the second and more important, it was—glory be!—an altogether too pessimistic guess about the temper of the Canadian people in this prosperous year of 1957. Like the Liberals, we underestimated this nation's capacity for indignation, its willingness when driven far enough by the trustee concept of government to tear up the profit statement and throw it right in the trustees' remote, benevolent faces. Like the Liberals, we doubted that any decisive part of the population was prepared to turf out the safe and sane management of the last twenty-two years just because it had grown wilful and autocratic and openly disdainful of certain rights which, when compared with material well-being, can seem pretty wispy and ephemeral.

We were dead wrong. Beneath those mountains of ore the heartbeat of Canada may flutter and grow sluggish. The oil and natural gas coursing through its arteries may leave their dangerous deposits of fat. But when we suspect that the roots of our democratic nationhood have been placed in jeopardy, we can still be as healthy and lean and tough-minded as the circumstances require.

In this reassuring discovery there are new challenges and opportunities not only for the Conservatives but for the Liberals themselves. Their contributions to our nationhood and our growth—while in power and while in opposition—have been incalculable. It would be singularly ungrateful to deny those contributions now. In power or in opposition there is every reason to believe and hope that in the months and years ahead they will again be a vital force—almost an indispensable force; almost indispensable but not quite—in helping us to extract the greatest possible good from our good system of government. During their last twenty-two years in office they helped to give the Canadian people many things: material fortune and a high place in the councils of the world not being the least of these. It was their mistake, as we earnestly pray it will be their lesson, that they forgot for a few fatal years to give us something infinitely more important: a sense of full participation in our own affairs.

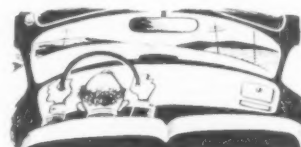
## Mailbag

- ✓ Are the new cars too long and fancy?
- ✓ Should we re-educate our children to walk?
- ✓ Should artists share the Council's gold?

**Thanks a million** for What's Happening to Cars? (May 25) with Sidney Margolius and Mrs. Savage interviewing car manufacturers . . . Ninety percent of the people think the politician is the principal exponent of "evasiveness, exaggeration and pure buncombe." Our car manufacturers have the politician backed off the map.—NEIL P. REID, FORT WILLIAM.

✓ Our car makers said clearly the protective tariff against European-built utility cars is no more use to them; let's hope Ottawa goes to work on that . . . Little European cars are not show-boats, just transportation for people old-fashioned enough to think cars should just be for going from place to place.—HERMAN BRIGGS, ST. JOHN'S, Nfld.

✓ I don't agree that people want bigger and more fantastic cars, or that they should get them if they want them. Does one give a child bigger and more pieces of pie, just because the child wants them? With parking space such a problem, it only aggravates the situation to make long cars . . . The driver sits down too low in many of the new cars



and cannot see enough of the road. This combined with speed leads to more accidents. The new fins are the last word in ugliness.—HENRY CHANTER, NELSON, B.C.

#### And Mazo's still writing

*As a forty-plus, mother of five, I was the happiest person alive  
When a magazine printed the very first article I wrote, without changing a particle.  
I had timidously thought of five dollars—or ten  
And the check was for fifty! But when Later in Maclean's April issue I delve  
Mazo de la Roche got her first fifty at twelve!  
—Ed just like to say in parting  
I was a little late in starting.  
—LILLIAN H. PALMER, SOUTHBRIDGE, MASS.*

#### Why the Ranch keeps working

Under Previewing TV (May 25) you state that Holiday Ranch does not dare take a holiday because of another television program. Since Holiday Ranch returned to the network last fall, it has been Canada's most popular Canadian-produced television show. For several years it has outranked every Canadian-

produced show . . . The decision to keep Holiday Ranch on the air all summer was mutually agreed upon by CBC and both sponsoring advertisers months ago.—GORDON HINCH, KENYON & ECKHARDT LTD., TORONTO.

#### "Let our artists lead us"

I endorse heartily Morley Callaghan's plea to let creative forces share in the pot of gold to be placed in the hands



of the Canada Council (We're on the Wrong Track in our Culture Quest, May 25) . . . We must let men and women with a vision—our artists—project our ideals and show us in what direction our lights lead us. It will be important to find our prophets and give them the bread and wine they need.—JOHN BRAUN, WATERLOO, ONT.

#### Sour notes on Sweet & Sour

You've wasted page 30 (Sweet & Sour).—H. W. S. SOULSBY, VICTORIA.

#### A campaign for more walking

Howard O'Hagan's Why Have We Lost the Joy of Walking? (May 11) should be posted on all school and office bulletin boards!—MAURICE K. BIEBER, MONTREAL.

✓ . . . The present trend is to level hills and dales and to knock down the trees to build highways, houses and factories. The result is that virtually no walks re-



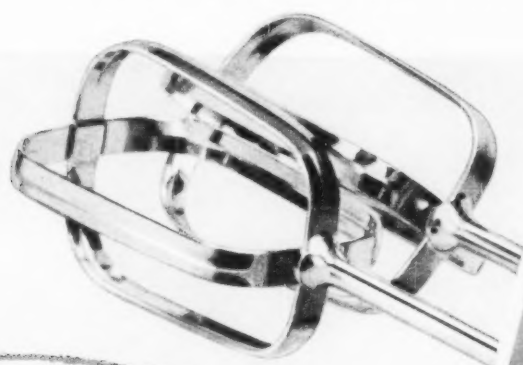
main. The great joy of walking is in the country over hills and dales and through the woods.—CHAS. A. MILLS, ANCASTER, ONT.

#### The incredible ringmaster Cohen

Nathan Cohen. The Embattled Ringmaster of Fighting Words (June 8), is a cracking good piece about an incredible character. It's too bad that some of Cohen's colleagues thought it "improper" that Cohen as story editor recommended the CBC purchase of his play, The Turning Point. It wasn't and he didn't. We bought the play four months before we even considered hiring him as story editor.—SYDNEY NEWMAN, SUPERVISING PRODUCER, DRAMA DEPARTMENT, CBC-TV, TORONTO. ★



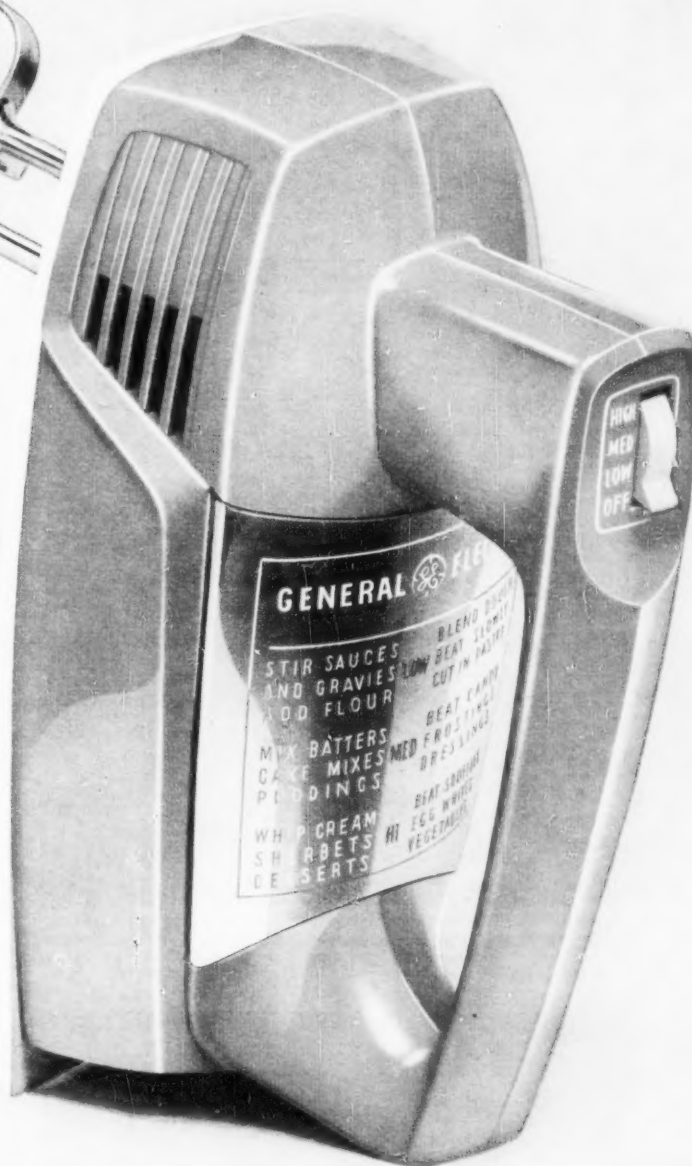
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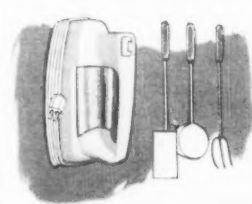
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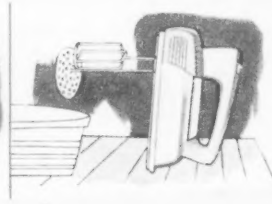
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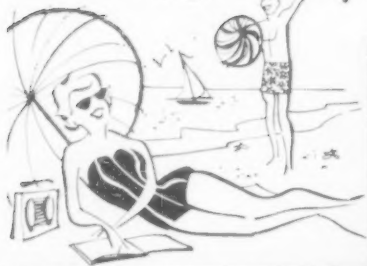
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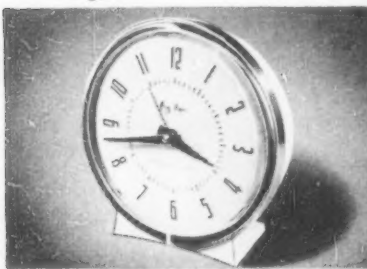
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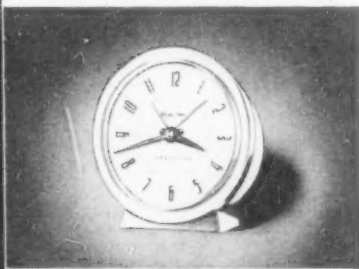
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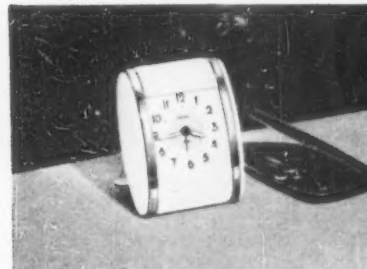
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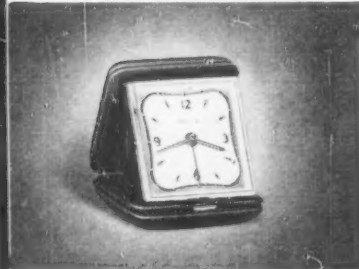
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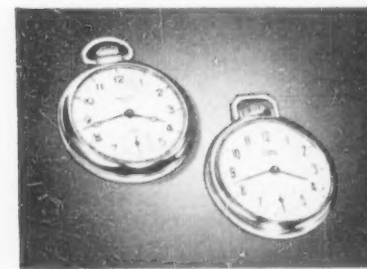
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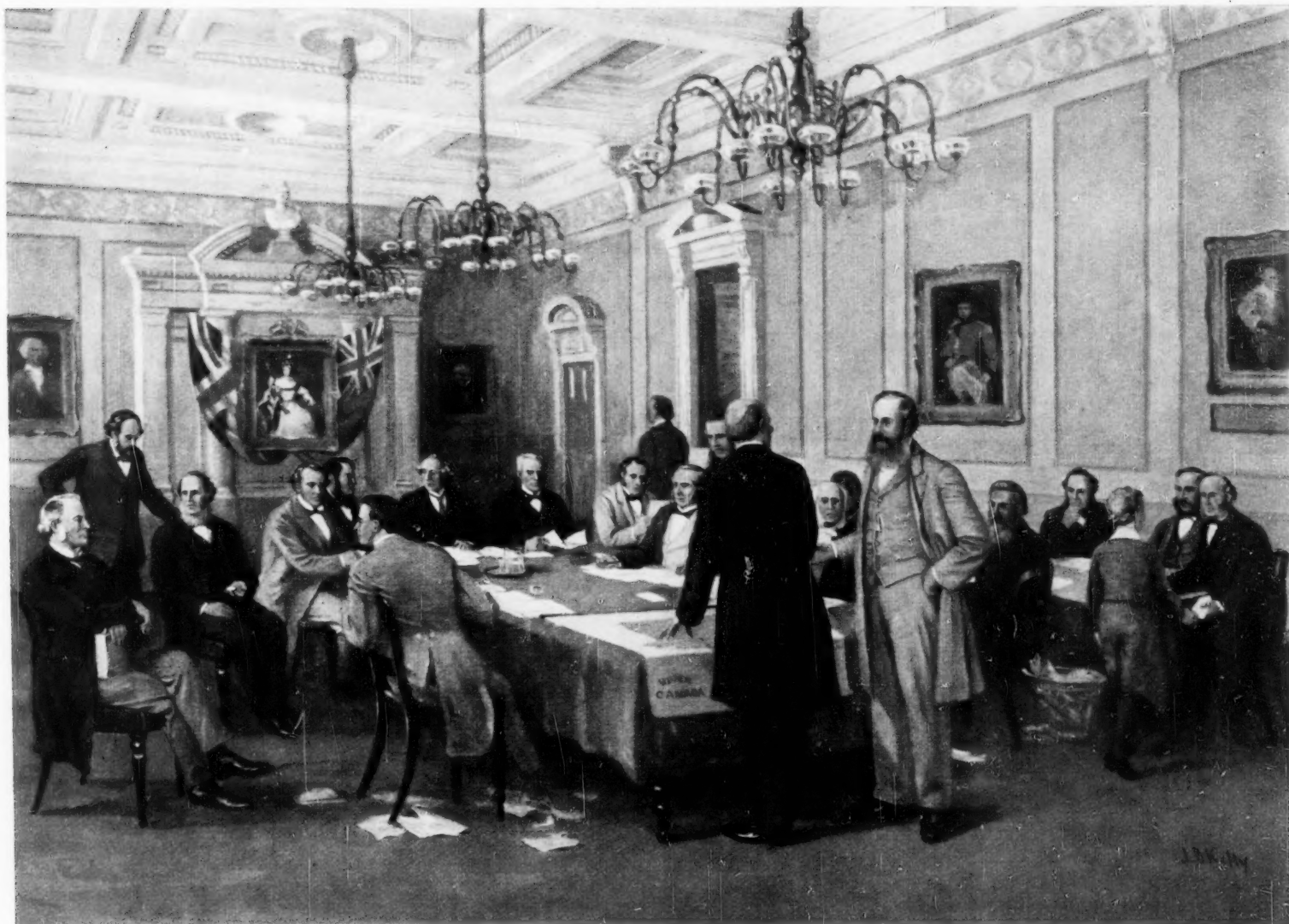
## The cover

Cooking has come a long way since Peter Whalley's cave cutie spitted her last roast on a sharp stick. Or has it? If we read that gadget-happy suburbanite right, she may snap out of it soon and start pining for the old-fashioned kind of kitchen that used to be fun.

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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, JULY 6, 1957





Original painting by J. D. Kelly from the Confederation Life collection of Historical Canadian Scenes.

## “Gentlemen, we are here to create a nation”

**I**T WAS Christmas Eve, 1866, in England's capital. For 20 days, these statesmen had met together. Now, under the firm, wise guidance of the Hon. John A. Macdonald, their monumental task was all but completed. *A new nation was about to be born.*

The resolutions they passed that day became the basis for the constitution of the Dominion of Canada—and these 16 men were written into history as the *Fathers of Confederation!*

Events in Canada had marched at a stirring pace in the 30 years before this meeting. In 1837, armed revolt against “officialdom” had shaken both Upper

and Lower Canada (Ontario and Quebec). Three years later, the two provinces were united into a single domain of a million people. Then, in 1864, a bold plan, started in Charlottetown, was finalized at Quebec. It was a plan to join English Ontario and French Quebec with maritime New Brunswick and Nova Scotia—a plan to weld three different “worlds” into one great nation!

So, in 1866, the 16 delegates from the four provinces met in London with British Government officials. Carefully they perfected each word of their resolutions. Out of their efforts came The British North America Act, passed by Parliament in March, 1867—and at long last, the dream of “Confederation” came true.

By Royal Proclamation, July 1, 1867, was named as the birthday of this proud new nation—Canada!

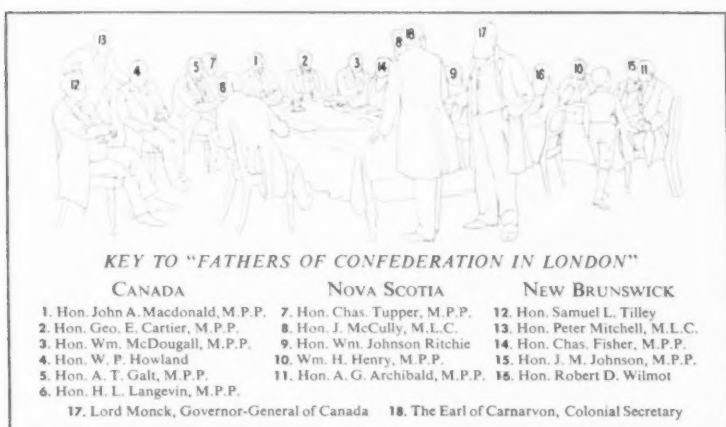
Through the years, men with the spirit of the Fathers of Confederation have worked for the security and safety of Canadians. Today, for example, your Confederation Life man devotes his career to building security for you and your family. Quietly, constantly, he is working to build a better future for all, the Confederation Life way.

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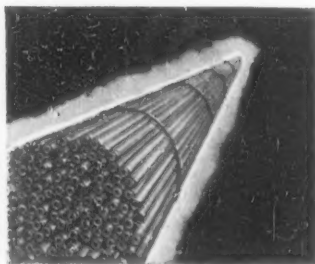


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## For the sake of argument



ARTHUR LOWER ASKS

## Is the RCMP a threat to our liberty?

Canadians have the habit of assuming that they are on the side of the angels and that Americans rush in where angels fear to tread. Consequently when something dramatic occurs like Herbert Norman's suicide, we usually take for granted that Canada is right and the United States wrong.

I wonder if many of us stop to ask what results we expect from righteous indignation. Do we expect to put things right, to change American conduct, the course of American action, American policy? Or are we just letting off steam? If we would only pause a moment to reflect, we would have to admit that however much indignation we generate, few Americans will be aware of it; and especially that the conduct of American congressional committees will not be affected by it. It takes little firsthand knowledge of the United States to make anyone understand that.

Whose fault is that?

The circumstances are still fresh in memory. According to the press (and that is just about the only source of information for the ordinary citizen):

In October 1950, the RCMP informed the appropriate U.S. security agencies that it had a report from one of its secret agents mentioning Mr. Norman as a member of the Canadian Communist party in 1940. But three months later, the RCMP, after extensive enquiries, reported to the U.S. security agencies that its secret agent's information was a case of "mistaken identity or unfounded rumor by an unidentified sub-source" and it was therefore deleting the earlier reference to Mr. Norman being a Communist party member ten years earlier.

—Canadian Press, April 17, 1957

### Hearsay has tragic results

So if we expect to influence American processes of government (except at the highest levels, where our government can make direct representations), we might just as well save our breath.

What we ought to do and what most of the time we don't do is to see that our government and its servants behave themselves. We are supposed to be a self-governing people. I wonder if we really are—that is, beyond electioneering and the outbursts on sensational issues. The Norman affair revealed to us an important branch of our government handing on rumor and hearsay to the American secret police. Being American secret police, the latter find it difficult to keep secrets. And so our officially collected hearsay pops up in a congressional committee, with the tragic result we all know.

Few more damning statements about an agency of government can ever have been published. Here is a responsible branch collecting any and all types of hearsay and rumor from "unidentified sub-sources"—in other words, tittle-tattle passed on by irresponsible gossiping—and handing it over to the American secret police, whence it later turns up in congressional committees which, whatever their purpose, publicize it throughout the world. And then over there in alien Egypt, a young Canadian diplomat, this strain added to others, takes his own life!

Again, one may ask, where is the onus of Mr. Norman's death, insofar as the public has been allowed to know the facts, to be placed?

Why blame the Americans?

The budget of the RCMP has increased many times over during recent years; so has its strength:

continued on page 57

OUTSPOKEN AUTHOR (COLONY TO NATION, ETC.) ARTHUR R. M. LOWER IS PROFESSOR OF CANADIAN HISTORY AT QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY.





*The Editors and Publishers  
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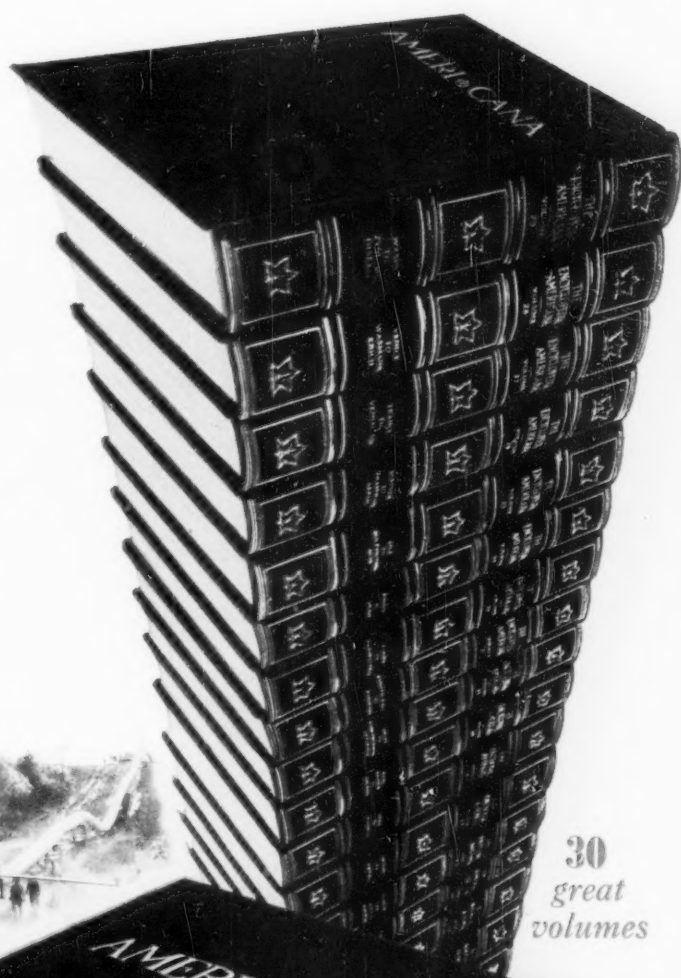
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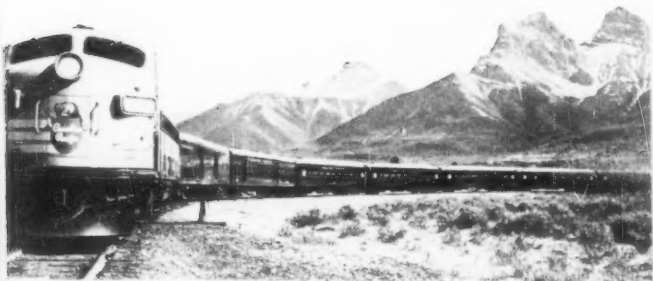
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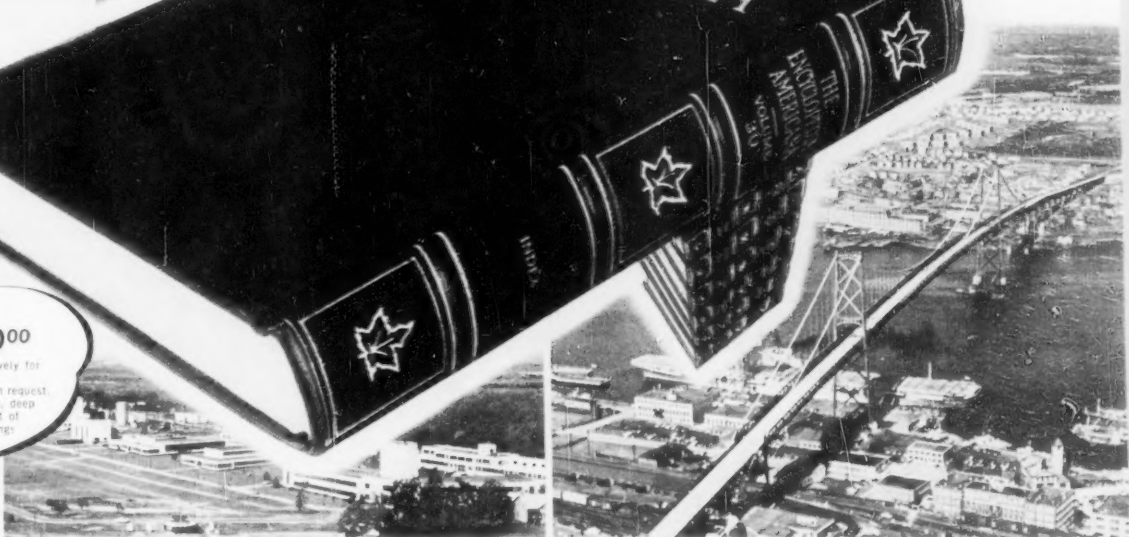


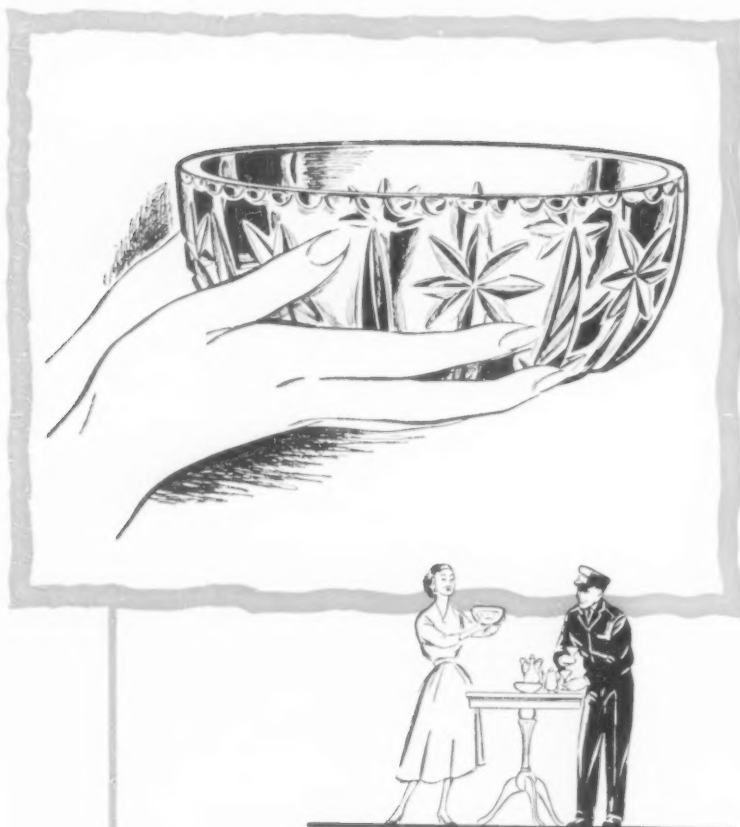
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LONDON LETTER BY BEVERLEY BAXTER



On famous Fleet Street papers are folding under the impact of television.

## How TV is bruising Fleet Street

Late one recent Saturday evening, after a ceremonial dinner at the new Stationers' Hall, I walked down Ludgate Hill and into Fleet Street—the Street of Ink, centre of London's newspapers.

The presses of the Daily Express were roaring like Niagara Falls, belching out tens of thousands of copies for London and the south of England. In Manchester the Daily Express plant there was pouring out its quota and, in Glasgow, Express presses were doing the same. The next morning more than four million copies would be on breakfast tables across an entire nation.

Never have facilities for printing and distribution been so skilfully organized—yet never have British newspaper publishers been so worried.

Probably by the time you read this the Labor Daily Herald and the Liberal News-Chronicle will have amalgamated. Already the News-Chronicle embodies the former Daily News and the Daily Chronicle. If the projected amalgamation goes through it will be a case of a single newspaper instead of three.

One would have thought that there would be room for the Daily Herald as the official socialist newspaper, because even though its soul is socialist its body is owned by the powerful capitalist enterprise of Odham's. Surely the vast membership of the Trades Union

Congress and the co-operative societies could sustain a single national newspaper, but it does not seem so. The party newspaper is a thing of the past. People do not want a newspaper that is blindly committed to one political party. That is why the Communist Daily Worker has to beg for pennies from faithful Reds to keep the poor little sheet going at all.

But there is another reason why even the successful newspapers, such as The Times, the Daily Mirror, the Express, the Telegraph and the Daily Sketch, are troubled. Increasingly, newspapers and magazines are feeling the challenge of television.

The most recent casualty on the magazine front is Sir Edward Hulton's Picture Post. Well, what does it . . . **continued on page 58**



In the spite of London papers the editors' power is waning.



# QUIET!

genius at work...



This budding virtuoso used to drive his family crazy; a trombone in the hands of a beginner *can* be trying on the nerves.

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The wise course is to school yourself to set aside a fixed amount every pay day, and tuck it away in a savings account at the "Royal". This way you are sure to have cash when you need it to give your dreams reality. After all . . . *there's nothing quite like money in the bank.*

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Shapiro

Pearson

Fraser

## Where Canada stands in the world crisis

LESTER B. PEARSON

faces Maclean's Ottawa editor Blair Fraser and  
Maclean's European correspondent Lionel Shapiro

IN AN EXCLUSIVE TAPE-RECORDED INTERVIEW

In a remarkably candid and searching interview Maclean's recently questioned and was answered by Lester B. Pearson on Canada's place in the world.

For some two hours Mr. Pearson, then Secretary of State for External Affairs, sat in his office on Parliament Hill in Ottawa and talked with two of Canada's best-informed reporters on our foreign relations: with Blair Fraser, the Ottawa editor of Maclean's Magazine, and with Lionel Shapiro, Maclean's European correspondent through most of the last war and since.

Both interviewers were in a specially qualified position. Mr. Fraser had just come home from a

long trip that took him far inside the Iron Curtain, to Moscow, Peking, Warsaw, New Delhi and the centres of gravity of nearly all the Communist and uncommitted world, to the fearful tangle of Egypt, Israel, Syria, Iraq and the rest of the Middle East. Mr. Shapiro too is not long back from the Mediterranean countries. While there, he, like Mr. Fraser, accumulated some thoughts and reservations about Canada's position among the nations, which can only be illuminated, if at all, by the responsible minister of our government.

On the next page there begin, as transcribed by a tape recorder, the questions of Mr. Fraser and Mr. Shapiro and the answers of Mr. Pearson.

**FRASER:** Mr. Pearson, the commonest thing we hear said about Canadian foreign policy in political debates, either private or public, is that there isn't any . . . that Canada hasn't got a foreign policy, that we're just a tail to the American kite. What is your answer to this?

**PEARSON:** Well, my short answer would be that it is not true. The results over the last ten years would show, I think, that we did have a foreign policy as much as any middle power or smaller power can have a foreign policy where events are dominated by the giants, and that in the application of that foreign policy we have had some influence on international developments.

CONTINUED OVER PAGE

A MACLEAN'S PANEL

## HAVE WE COOLED TOWARD BRITAIN?

## ARE WE TOO EAGER TO PLEASE THE U. S.?

## WHY DON'T WE RECOGNIZE RED CHINA?

Here are direct answers from the man who helped shape Canada's policy

**FRASER:** The charge came up most particularly of recent months over the Suez crises of last fall. Formerly it was a perfectly good answer to say that we follow the Anglo-American line; but events knocked the hyphen out of Anglo-American last October and November and the Americans went one way and the British went another. Some people in Canada say that we deserted the British by failing to support them as Australia and New Zealand did, but those who take the opposite view feel that we could have been a little stronger on the other side. Actually, since the chips were down, since our friends and exemplars were differing, we were unable to do anything—we abstained.

**PEARSON:** No. That I don't accept. If we had automatically followed British policy in the Middle East—and it would have had to be pretty automatic because we didn't have much time to learn about it—then we certainly would be open to the accusation we had no foreign policy. The fact that we did not follow the British policy did not mean that we weren't anxious to work with the British. Nor did it mean that we just swung over to the other extreme and automatically followed the American policy. When the British and the Americans disagree we're in a dilemma; it's a great dilemma in Canadian foreign policy. But, if, when they do disagree and break and we follow one or the other, that doesn't mean, surely, that we have no foreign policy of our own. If we agree with a greater power are we to refuse to follow it just because it is a greater power?

**FRASER:** I, personally, was one of those who agreed with what the government thought at the time of Suez but felt that it would have been better if the government had said more openly exactly what it did think.

**PEARSON:** Why did we abstain? Incidentally, we weren't the only people who abstained and, in other votes, both the British and Americans abstained when we voted for or against. But on this occasion, on the big vote, whether there would be a cease-fire or not, we abstained. Three Commonwealth countries voted for, three voted against; Canada and South Africa abstained. We explained our abstention in the following terms: that the vote had been rushed; it was too impor-

tant to take so quickly; while we were, in principle, in favor of a cease-fire and would not vote against the United Nations' cease-fire, at the same time we thought that a cease-fire should be accompanied by other measures which would secure the cease-fire and also provide for a settlement of disputes which brought about the fighting in the first place. We had no opportunity to plead that case and try to amend the resolution which we supported in principle. Therefore, if we couldn't vote against, we didn't want to vote for it because it was inadequate, we thought. So we had to abstain. Now, does that mean that we had no policy on that occasion?

**SHAPIRO:** May I change the line of questioning? In view of what I call the revolution that took place last fall in our values, what are the problems in conducting Canada's foreign policy that now arise?

**PEARSON:** There is no change so far as I can see in kind, but there is a change in degree. The United States for the last ten years, by the compulsion of force and events, has been the leader of the Western coalition, and we have had to adjust our policies to that development. So have the British and so have other people. All this came to a head in a very dramatic way last autumn. It didn't begin last autumn, but it came to a head when it became quite clear that no longer could the British or the French—and if they couldn't nobody else could on our side—take independent action in a part of the world where power, economic and military, was essential to bring that action to a success without, at least, the tacit support of the United States. Now, that has underlined the development you have mentioned, and hasn't caused it. I think you have to take that into account in Canadian policy, probably to an even greater extent than we did in the past—and so must the British and the French. We have to readjust ourselves to this new situation where the United States is even more dominant in the free world than it ever was before.

**SHAPIRO:** But doesn't this give Canadian policy a little more independence and latitude? Before last November the Western world had a more or less common policy, especially on the great issues. The United States, *continued on page 47*



As the late Herbert Norman's superior in the Department of External Affairs, Pearson answered Maclean's questions about the Norman case with frankness and undisguised feeling. This is what was said:

**FRASER:** There's a question affecting our relations with the United States, and that is our treatment of the security problem—of which we've had tragic experience lately. Like a number of other people who feel that you did the right thing in protecting and defending Herbert Norman, I feel that you didn't do it in the right way. If the facts now before the public had been made known in 1951, it would have been easier to defend the attitude the government took. Some of the government's defenders feel that they have been let down. They were trapped into defending an indefensible position because they assumed that the government statements, which read like denials at a quick reading, were in fact denials.

**PEARSON:** I think most Canadians would expect the Canadian government to try to protect a Canadian from charges and insinuations leveled against him by a legislative committee of another country in a matter of security which should be handled as a security not a publicity matter. I think also all Canadians would agree that it is intolerable and indefensible for a legislative committee of another country to interfere in our affairs in this way, because it was interference in our affairs. I can imagine what would have happened if we had done the same thing up here in regard to an American in reverse circumstances. I don't agree with you that when the matter came up in 1951 we should have told the whole story. I think you are wrong when you say that we gave the impression that all charges were denied when, in fact, they weren't denied. The charge was—and this is the only one that matters—not that this man had gone to some Communist study groups, not that he had been a Communist associated with Communists as a student; the charge was that he was a Communist and therefore disloyal when he was an official of the government of Canada. We denied that charge and said we had complete confidence in him, and that surely should have been the end of it; and if it had not come up six years afterward, that would have been the end of it. Now, if we had made public at that time all the evidence which bore on his earlier associations with communism, we would have been doing that man an injustice. Some of the mud



Shapiro

Fraser

Pearson



PEARSON ON

## The Norman case

would have stuck on him for years and made his position in the External Affairs Department as a foreign-service officer, very very difficult indeed. We wanted to protect him from that. Furthermore, it is our security practice in this government, based on British practices and traditions in this field, that we dismiss or reject charges against an official and we make public the decision when necessary, but that we do not make public the evidence on which the decision is based.

**FRASER:** I'm not suggesting that you should have made public the evidence, and I don't know what the evidence was. I'm just suggesting that you should have made public as much as you have, in fact, made public. When you were re-



"... we were right in what we did in 1951"

plying to the charges that were made in the United States, your reply should have been more specific than, in fact, it was. It was very carefully phrased, and it was accepted by most Canadians as a blanket denial. Since then various reservations have been stated in this blanket denial.

**PEARSON:** No reservation of any kind has been stated by me. My blanket denial, as you call it, was a denial of the charge that he was disloyal, untrustworthy and a Communist in the service of the government of Canada. That is the only thing that I have ever denied. And why should we then have gone on and said, "but, of course, in his earlier days he associated with Communists as a student"—why should we do that?

**FRASER:** Because you were opposing one man's word to another's. It seems to me that when you invited people to choose, as implicitly you did, you may have invited trouble. Here was this man Wittfogel, who after all is a man of some standing in the academic circles in New York, testifying under oath. The first story to hit the newspapers was Wittfogel's testimony that he remembered this attractive young man as having been a member of a study group which he conducted in 1938. Now, I entirely agree with you that there was nothing wrong with that, and that you were perfectly justified and perfectly right in saying, in effect, "This is not a charge at all." But the rejoinder to this, even at that stage,

gave Canadian readers the impression Wittfogel was a liar.

**PEARSON:** Well, let me put it this way. In the atmosphere of that time—and the time we're talking about was the end of 1951—if we had said, "This official is loyal; we have confidence in him; but, nevertheless, Mr. Wittfogel is right; he was a member of a Communist study group; he was also interested in Marxism when he was at Harvard University," a great many people would have said, "Oh, there you are. He was a Communist a few years before and they're keeping him in the Department of External Affairs!" Would that have been a happy position for a man who was going to be asked by us to take on responsible duties in the department and whom we hoped would occupy responsible positions in the years to come? In the atmosphere of 1951 he would have been tarred for a long time in the estimation of a lot of people. I think his position would have been very difficult in the department. Knowing Herbert Norman very well, as I did, I think he would have been even more sensitive about that than he became later, and he would have felt he had to leave the service. Would that have been fair or just?

**FRASER:** But you say that the policy that was followed was followed because any other policy would have allowed some of this mud to stick. The tragedy is that some of it did stick.

**PEARSON:** Yes, of course, but now you're arguing backwards.

**FRASER:** But there was no need to admit that it was mud at all. That's my point.

**PEARSON:** It wasn't mud, but it would have been considered as mud in the eyes of a lot of people. And there were people in the United States—and some people in Canada—who were determined to make it stick. Now, in the light of what has happened—and looking back on this awful tragedy—I admit there is a case for saying this would have been a better thing to have done at that time. But that was 1951 and for six years we heard nothing more about the matter. Our policy of protecting a Canadian official in this way against slander, insinuations and guilt by association seemed to have been successful. We thought the incident was dead and that all these clouds had been removed from Mr. Norman's head. And I must say, in looking back, that that was the right

attitude to take, and the fact that it ended so tragically in 1957 doesn't change my views that we were right in what we did in 1951.

**FRASER:** Student associations before the war with a left wing then looked much more attractive to anybody who could read and write than they do now. They are not sufficient to ruin a man's career, not in this country. Why didn't we say, "If you like it that way down there you can have it; we don't do things that way"? Nobody said this.

**PEARSON:** Well, I can't, myself, see that we would have accomplished anything of value in putting it that way at that time. I think we might have done harm to the man we were trying to protect. Our own justification in that view is that for between five and six years he was without trouble. And then those same people who were after him then got after him again last March.

**FRASER:** What are the security checks? What are they and what should they be as applied in Canada to decide who can be employed and who can't, who is trustworthy and who isn't? What sort of standards do we set up?

**PEARSON:** There is a complete security check. I am talking about my own department now. A complete security check is made by the RCMP on every person who joins the department. It's really quite exhaustive, quite full. That is referred, if there is anything derogatory, to the undersecretary and then there is a security panel of high officials, deputy ministers, and they can go into it if there is any doubt as to what action should be taken. After all these stages are gone through, and they are gone through confidentially, if there is a decision to be made it has to be made by the responsible minister.

**FRASER:** By the minister or by the cabinet?

**PEARSON:** No, by the minister as an individual in charge of his department.



"He was a man we thought we should keep"

But, as a minister, he binds the government if there is an issue to be made. Most of these questions are decided before they get to the minister. It's only the tough ones that come to the minister. I have had a few and I've said to one man—now I am not talking about Mr. Norman—"Many persons have been interested at some time in Marxism as an intellectual exercise and as a social and economic system. Don't worry about the past. We're satisfied that you are a loyal official so just carry on." I've said to another: "It seems to me that

your background is such that if you work in the Department of External Affairs—this is a very sensitive and important department—you may subject yourself to embarrassment in the future because what you have done in the past is known to too many people and it is too recent and too capable of misunderstanding; so you had better not consider working in this government department."

**FRASER:** You are talking about men applying for admission to the department?

**PEARSON:** That's right.

**FRASER:** What about men who were in the department already when the events of 1945 and 1946 brought the security problem to the government's attention and you started screening people retroactively, as it were—those who were in what I think are called sensitive positions? You don't set up arbitrary standards?

**PEARSON:** The security panel has, through experience, developed certain criteria. But there is no arbitrary standard, and I don't think you can have one.

**SHAPIRO:** Is it true that no member of your department has ever been dismissed because of political affiliations?

**PEARSON:** You mean Communist affiliations?

**SHAPIRO:** Yes.

**PEARSON:** Yes, I think that's true. But, as I just said, there were one or two where we said, "Now look, we have faith in you, but you leave yourself open to attack in the future if you stay here and don't you think you'd be happier doing something else." Now, Herbert Norman was in a different position. He had been in our service for ten years when this began in 1950. He had proven himself to be a man of unusual ability in a certain field and he had given us convincing evidence of his trust and loyalty. He was a rare person, and he was a man whom we thought we should certainly keep once it had been confirmed that he was a loyal Canadian. His activities in the five years after 1950 merely reassured me about that decision and the reassurance was strengthened by his work in Cairo during the last six months.

**FRASER:** I hope that I haven't said anything to suggest that I don't agree with that.

**PEARSON:** No, oh, no. You would even go further than I was able to do in protecting him. You think that such a course would have quieted the insinuations.

**FRASER:** That is exactly the difference of opinion between us.

**PEARSON:** Well, that's an honest difference of opinion. It probably is easier for you to take that position than if you were the minister responsible. ★

#### "IT HAPPENED TO ME"

This is another of the series of personal-experience stories that will appear from time to time in Maclean's . . . stories told by its readers about some interesting dramatic event in their lives.

**HAVE YOU SUCH A STORY?** If so, send it to the articles editor, Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto. For stories accepted Maclean's will pay the regular rates it offers for articles.



Winnipeg-made machines set up by Kipp have superseded hand-sorting of Williamson's gems.

## My strange encounter with **THE DIAMOND KING**

It's easier to get into Buckingham Palace than into  
Doc Williamson's legendary diamond mine in Africa. Here's what I saw  
when the richest Canadian in history called me in to help

**BY ROBERT KIPP**

**I'm off,** I told my wife one night, "to Tanganyika."

It took me a while to make her and my three young daughters believe that on that afternoon I'd become one of the few outsiders who've ever been invited behind the wire fence that guards Mwadui, one of the richest diamond mines on earth. At first I had trouble believing it myself; but two weeks later I drove to Winnipeg airport, waved to four envious women, and boarded a plane for Nairobi. And for six weeks after that I was the working guest of John Thoburn (Doc) Williamson, the shy and mysterious Canadian geologist who discovered Mwadui seventeen years

ago and runs it behind a tight screen of security.

In those weeks I prowled through native markets, watched strange native dances, went on an abortive safari and became bored with uncut diamonds. The grubby glass-like lumps were as commonplace as potatoes. Like everyone else at Mwadui, I literally walked on them; they are mined only a few inches from the surface. I saw rough diamonds packed in flat tins and tucked into shirt pockets as casually as cigarettes. I saw them in glass jars, tier upon tier, in Williamson's safes. Sometimes I found myself alone in a sorting room, trickling a fortune in stones through my fingers.



Williamson (left) exports diamonds worth twenty-

For all this I was paid traveling expenses and a hundred dollars a day. This was *work*. My job was to help the world's diamond king find a better way to separate gems from diamondiferous earth.

My company, Kipp Kelly Ltd., manufactures separating machines. I tell customers we can separate anything except a man from his wife or a Scot from his wallet.

At Mwadui our machines practically eliminated hand-picking. Since Williamson's native pickers often overlooked or pilfered diamonds, Kipp Kelly helped him save money. Our sale of two machines, worth \$10,500, was relatively small; but the trips (I later made a return jaunt to check my installations) were compensation enough for me.

Kipp Kelly machines had been in some odd places before my Mwadui trip in 1951. Ours is the only Canadian firm, and one of a handful in the world, that makes separating machines for dry materials. We've sold them in forty-six countries. They separate tungsten ores in Thailand, soft cork from its tough outer bark in Spain, little peas from big peas in Morocco, wormy almonds from





twenty-four millions a year, is a bachelor, evades all publicity and rarely leaves his Tanganyika mine site. Winnipeg's Bob Kipp was his guest for six weeks.

sound ones in Italy, and nails, mudballs or stray buckshot from wheat for Canadian flour mills. There are even three of our machines in Byelorussia, though we don't know what the Russians are doing with them.

Consequently, when Williamson asked his mining consultants in England to recommend machines that would sort diamonds, they said, "Try Kipp Kelly of Winnipeg."

Williamson did, and happily for me we couldn't follow our routine method of getting a sample, testing it in Winnipeg, and filling the order with the best machines for the job. That way I'd never have set foot in Tanganyika. But Williamson couldn't ship several hundred pounds of diamondiferous earth to Winnipeg. For one thing, customs couldn't evaluate such a shipment without sorting out every diamond themselves. Furthermore, Williamson didn't want to export (and perhaps lose) an unknown quantity of diamonds. So, after an exchange of letters and cables, Williamson gave me the go-ahead to bring test machines with me out to Africa.

We made up four special machines worth

\$5,900 (full-size Kipp-Kellys cost up to \$8,500). The air-freight bill to Tanganyika was \$1,650. It was late April when I took off on an aerial hop half-way around the world: Montreal, London, Rome, Cairo, Khartoum, Nairobi. En route I studied notes given me by Stanley Allen, a Canadian government trade-services officer who'd been in Africa. From Stan's first list it looked as though the bugs had taken over the continent:

Take one anti-malaria pill daily.

Use mosquito netting at night for mosquitoes and tsetse flies.

Put shoes under bed-netting to avoid scorpions. Spray room with insecticide every night, especially under netting.

Take Epsom salts every morning.

Take milk of magnesia every night.

Allen also gave me a book of Swahili phrases but I never got beyond *jamba* (good day). There were also notes on Williamson, which proved to be somewhat inaccurate. Dozens of fantastic stories surround the man. At Mwadui, I learned a few facts about him: he was born at Montfort, Quebec, studied geology at McGill, has a BA,

MSc and PhD. In 1934 he began hunting diamonds in Tanganyika on the hunch that the "mother" of all diamond mines was still to be found. Many people thought him a crackpot. He was often broke but a few people—an Indian storekeeper for one—staked him to a few pounds sterling and he plugged along. In 1940 he stumbled on Mwadui. There are many versions of how he found it. When I asked about them he grinned and said, "One's as good as another."

One thing's sure: Mwadui is the mother lode. It is shaped like an ice-cream cone, a deep vertical "pipe" topped by a shallow spreading layer. Williamson is dredging diamonds from the surface, still years away from tapping the pipe. Most mines' yield is largely industrial diamonds. About fifty percent of Mwadui diamonds are gem stones, four to five times as valuable as industrials. I'm told Williamson now exports about twenty-four million dollars worth a year.

Wealth has made Williamson even more of an introvert than he was when he began his lonely quest for diamonds. He often becomes "sick" when strangers visit the **continued on page 44**



"To Miss Harriet Patton, whose creative secretarial work and unflagging effort was a constant inspiration."



"To my wife, for her unflagging patience and keen realism."

Illustrated by Duncan Macpherson

ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN SAYS

## There's nothing phonier than a grateful author

Who are those faceless people "without whose help this book could not have been written"? They're real, and truer words were never written

If you ever wonder what happened to those heroes and heroines with no feet, faults or faces who appeared in Victorian novels, I can tell you where to find them. They've turned up in the acknowledgment pages of books. They're always giving their unstinting effort and unflagging patience, and I don't believe in them any more than I did when they courted one another with those fatuous drawing-room discourses on topics like the propriety of punctuality. They have become the most anaemic unlovable group of characters in modern literature, and I think if the author really wants to show his

gratitude he should pump some blood into them and give them some faults. Nobody is all that unflaggingly patient.

I've been testing the idea by carrying out some imaginary interviews, starting with the wife of a Dr. J. D. Smith MA, PhD, author of *You and Your Emotions*, who acknowledged his wife with: "For her assistance with the manuscript and for her unflagging patience and her keen realism."

Mrs. Smith, a dark handsome woman with flashing eyes, is polishing an old floor lamp when I arrive, and at first she won't let me in. When I explain that I'm check-

ing on the reference to her "keen realism" she motions me into the living room with her polishing cloth and starts talking as if she's been saving it up for a long time.

"Look at it my way. If he sells four, five thousand copies he's lucky. That's about fifteen hundred dollars, less ten percent agent's fee. It took him six months to write. I *knew* it would. That means he'll make about fifty-two dollars a week. He could make that in a day if he took one of those jobs with a department store helping employees get into the kind of work they're suited for, or with **continued on page 40**





THE STREETS OF CANADA

# SPADINA

The homeless and the hopeful flock to the cluttered melting pot of Toronto's Spadina where an immigrant boy can hustle his way to a million—or to a flophouse

BY KEN LEFOLII

"The Avenue," says one of its leading public figures, a "legitimate book-maker" who heard the formula somewhere else, "is all things to all men."

For the bookie "all men" break down into the horseplayers, crapshooters, cardsharks, panhandlers, hoods, hopheads and a residual pool of "wise guys" whose grifting arena is Spadina

Avenue. He's hit on the right thumb-nail characterization, but he doesn't know how right it is.

On the teeming angle-parked sweet-and-sour-smelling downtown Toronto thoroughfare named Spadina there are evangelists, brassiere designers, bankers, professional chicken slaughterers, morticians, rabbis, steambath opera-

CONTINUED OVER PAGE

PICTURES WITHOUT WORDS BY WALTER CURTIN



They rent rooms. They tout horses. They sell shoddy and stand in souplines. The street will clothe you, feed you, fleece you. And now and then it will hand you a laugh

tors, Communists, mannequins, Jesuits, sausage stuffers, marriage brokers, union bosses, merchants, midwives and European immigrants by the square block who'd all agree with the bookie's proposition for their own reasons, and probably in their own languages.

"Spadina is the foreignest street in Canada," says hat merchant Sammy Taft, who's been on the Avenue since he was born there above his father's barbershop forty-four years ago.

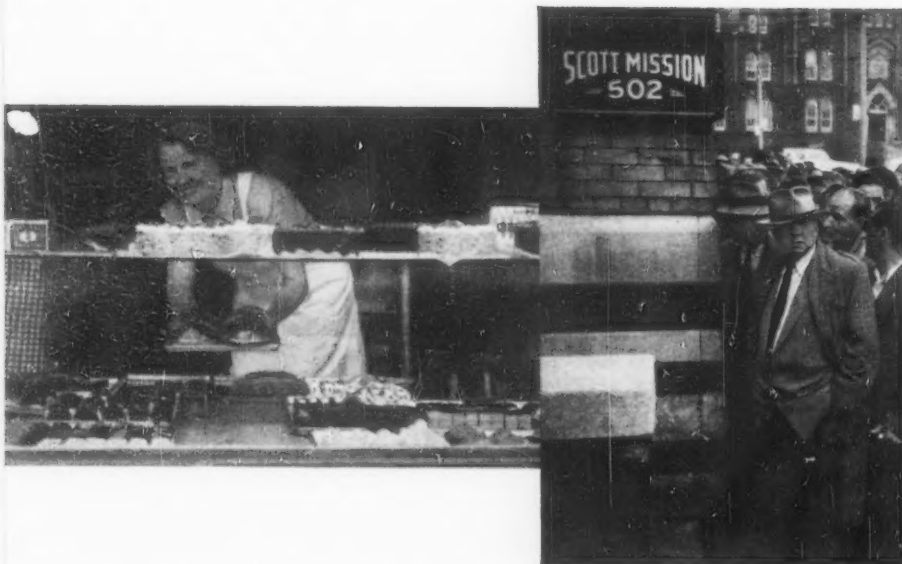
When the Liberal party staged its nominating convention last March for the Spadina federal riding, the party brass took a back seat while seven seconders speaking for, successively, the Ukrainian, Polish, Japanese, Hungarian, German, Negro and Italian votes, urged the nomination of one of the two candidates. It goes without saying that their man won, to foot-stamping approval and shouts of "Go Go Go with Givens."

The post-nomination keynote speech was delivered by a onetime federal member for the riding, Senator David Croll, who passed permanently into Spadina folklore when he said "I'd rather walk with the workers than ride with General Motors" during an auto industry strike in the 1930s. Croll's speech, inevitably for a Spadina political meeting, demanded an "open door immigration policy."

Spadina's wide-armed welcome for anyone who just got off a boat goes back to the turn of the century, when Toronto's Jewish community set up house and shop on the Avenue and its narrow tributaries. By the end of the First World War the six-pointed star of the Mogen David was the Spadina Strip's signature.

There were four synagogues in one short

continued overleaf













Jesuits and Jews worship, merchants and middlemen barter and bicker. And the kids have a world of their own, on "the foreignest street in the country"

block on D'Arey off Spadina, and over thirty more within five minutes walk on and off the Avenue. The Bank of Commerce branch on the College Street corner had and still has more Hebrew than English gold-leafed on its windows.

Most of the people of this closely-held Jewish village spoke a couple of European languages as well as Hebrew and Yiddish. The flavor of their enclave was high continental, and by natural association other racial groups fixed themselves on the Spadina Strip's outskirts — first a Ukrainian settlement, then an Italian village, then a pocket of Magyars who built a red brick cathedral to St. Elizabeth of Hungary across the Avenue from the grey brick Hebrew Men of England synagogue.

By the time Canada pulled the latchstring for the homeless and hopeful of Europe after the Second World War Spadina and its residential backwash was the nearest thing to home on this side of the water for anybody from anywhere. About two-thirds of the immigrants who landed in Canada in the last ten years have stayed for a while at least in Toronto, and for most of them Spadina is the main street of the nation.

On the Avenue or just around the corner an Estonian can find a landlord who speaks his own language, and an Italian can take home a square meal of gnocchi and Sicilian olives. A Syrian tailor can find a job under a Syrian foreman, a German youth can make a down payment on a bride who's still in Bonn, and a Polish mother can call in a midwife from Warsaw. A Hungarian can buy forints to send home to relatives at a third of the official exchange **continued on page 33**







**MAGICIAN** Giordmaine amid a shower of scarves tries out a new act in the Magic Den of his Toronto home. He makes all his own basic equipment.

# The magic world of Johnny Giordmaine



**SALESMAN** Giordmaine dons wig and false nose to sell magic tricks in a Toronto store.

He began by hawking iron sandwiches  
and trick telescopes.  
Now he's king of Canadian magicians,  
who can bamboozle  
with belly laughs  
at the drop of his rabbit-filled hat

BY MCKENZIE PORTER

**J**OHNNY Giordmaine, Canada's leading magician, began to develop the distinctive nature of his act when he got a job, thirty years ago, in the old Arcade Novelty Shop on Yonge Street in Toronto, and started selling such items as Whammy Eyes. "You turn your back on the guests," said the instructions, "and slip on these hideously bulging false opies as easily as a pair of glasses. When you swing round suddenly everybody shrieks. Get a set now and give your pals the Double Whammy."

Giordmaine also traded in imitation ink blots, solid iron sandwiches, squirting boutonnieres, rubber worms, dribbling cups, distorting mirrors and a telescope that offered a view of "A Naughty Lady" and left the user with a neat black eye. The only article he handled that had pretensions to a serious function was the Automobile Protective Alarm. "This gadget," said the instructions, "is fixed to a spark plug. When the motor is started it will howl, whistle, smoke and explode with a stunning report. The thieves will faint at the wheel. It's a genuine squealaroo! Buy one now and get a laugh out of the crime wave."

Ever since those days Giordmaine has blended his mystery with hilarity and billed himself as the Gay Magician or the Little Legerdemaniac.

The allusion to his stature is apt, for he resembles closely the average person's conception of a pixie or hobgoblin. Now fifty-eight, he is a fraction under five feet tall, weighs about a hundred and ten pounds and exudes a mingled aura of mischief and clairvoyance. He has grizzled grey hair that was once blue-black, a dark olive complexion wreathed with rubbery, ever-changing expressions, and big, brown mesmeric eyes full of mirth and monkeyshine. He casts a spell over everybody he meets by twisting his body into an endless routine of theatrical poses, by a perpetual stream of double talk in a funny foreign accent, and by the practical jokes and conjuring tricks he pulls off in restaurants, stores, elevators or on the street.

Giordmaine is the prodigy of Doctor Harlan Tarbell, of Chicago, who advertises himself as an expert in "Mysteries of the Mind, Mentalism, Magic of the East, and Eyeless Vision," and who, in spite of the bunkum, is still recognized as one of the world's foremost teachers of professional sorcerers. It took Giordmaine two years to absorb Tarbell's mail-order course of six volumes of lessons and five thousand illustrations. By the time he received his graduation certificate from the Tarbell Academy, in 1930, he could make a horse disappear inside a Union Jack, summon the ghost of John A. Macdonald, shuttle a mummy between two coffins, and create many other illusions whose principles have been known to tricksters since the days of the Pharaohs. His early specialty, always a wow at smokers, was the production from thin air of a six-foot blonde in spangles.

Tarbell, who has never forgotten Giordmaine, said recently, "He was the best pupil I ever had. He reminded me of a prankish little brownie."

Giordmaine's elfin spirit has carried him to the top of his vocation in Canada. When the International Brotherhood of Magicians, the world's biggest fraternity of wizards, last year staged in England the acts of its top-flight members from ten countries, it invited Giordmaine to come as the representative from Canada.

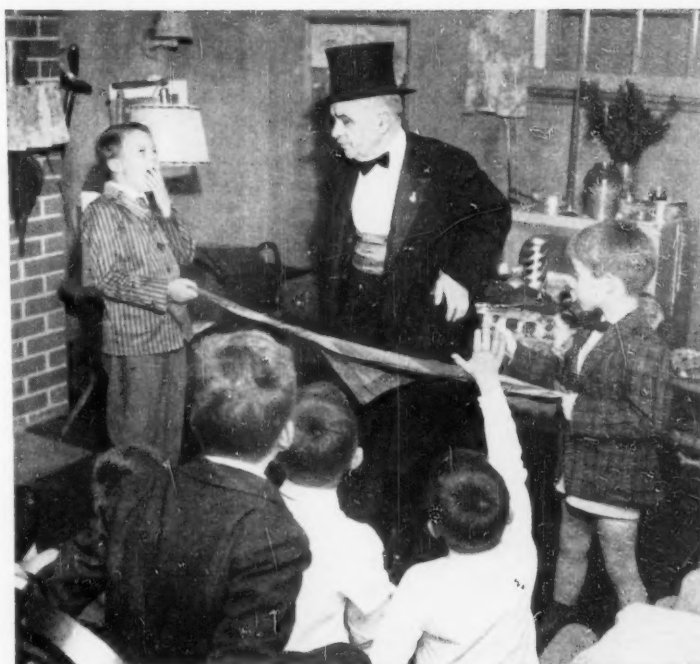
Giordmaine makes a handsome part-time living performing for charity shows, banquets, clubs, conventions, children's parties and TV. Most of the time he appears in and around southern Ontario and adjacent U.S. cities, but occasionally he receives engagements from as far afield as Miami and Los Angeles. In the last few months he's made TV appearances on the Ed Sullivan Show, Paul Winchell's Circus Time, and CBC's Howdy Doody.

Giordmaine has made three European trips, playing London, Paris and Rome. In Ottawa he performed for the late Prime Minister Mackenzie King and former Governor-General Viscount Alexander, and at Hyde Park, New York, for Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt.

Giordmaine could have made a full-time living on the stage but he dislikes what he calls "the unpleasant nomadic life of the variety artist." For the last twenty-seven years he's found a sheet anchor in a daily job behind the Magic Counter in the T. Eaton Company's headquarters store in Toronto. He is allowed as much time off as he wishes for outside work because he is now widely known as "that funny little man from Eaton's" and is therefore good promotion for the company. Every Christmas for twenty-five years he's performed for a family party at Lady Eaton's mansion. In her recent autobiography she described his tricks as "marvellous."

Giordmaine made his early appearances dressed in a mandarin's robe, and went in for large-scale illusions that required mystery music and elaborate equipment. He soon discovered he went over better if he wore evening clothes, performed intimate sleight-of-hand tricks and played for laughs by making fun of his peewee dimensions.

In every show he pulls out huge fountain pens, cigarette lighters, key rings, wallets and other personal paraphernalia to emphasize by contrast how small he is. He stuck to this rule on the Ed Sullivan Show last January when he received five hundred dollars for a ninety-second appearance. In this brief bewildering period he exchanged half a dozen wisecracks with Sullivan, shook the polka dots out of Sullivan's handkerchief, squared a steel ring, produced a twelve-inch length of hose pipe from a doll's purse and tied a slip knot that slid clean off the rope. Then, as he consulted a watch as big as a dinner plate, **continued on page 42**



**ENTERTAINER** Giordmaine mystifies children by cutting a scarf and magically rejoining it, proving it can't be pulled apart.



**OLD SHOWMAN** Giordmaine reminisces among showbills and the Maclean's cover he appeared on in 1940. He's now 58.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DENNIS RYDER

# The Request

BY YVES THERIAULT

*T*he housekeeper, Lilian, had come knocking at his door at dawn. She had just found Edwina dead.

"She woke me up at three," cried Lilian. "She seemed to feel better. She sent me out on an errand. When I came back, I looked in and found her . . ."

Clarence shuddered. However satisfactory Edwina's death could be, there were aspects to the fact of death itself that made him squirm—in dogs, birds or possessive wives.

"What errand could she send you on at three in the morning?" he asked.

But Lilian's face froze, and Clarence sighed. The woman had been devoted to Edwina and always resentful of him. Granted, he had come into their lives at a time when it was rather smoothly organized for Lilian.

"She made me promise not to tell," said Lilian defiantly.

"All right. Lock the door to her room, and go to your own room. I'll call the undertaker and make arrangements." After a slight pause, he added: "In the morning."

Lilian stood undecided for a moment, the hatred in her eyes boring into him. "Aren't you going in to see her?"

But Clarence had a short laugh, derisive and somewhat sardonic. "She's dead, isn't she?"

The housekeeper nodded.

"Well, then, what would I do in her room?"

Lilian stamped out, slamming the door. Clarence delicately shrugged his shoulders. Life with Edwina emerged in his mind, the long years of it, as he stood alone before the window. Was that a product of death, this reminiscing in almost conscious tangible form?

"There can be love," he had told her on the eve of their marriage. "Love is an outgrowth of intimacy. Why should I lie to you? My feelings are tender, but I know they will become passionate only as time reveals you to me . . ."

That was years ago. He was thirty and she was forty and rich. She was also fat and insipid.

Then, marriage and the routine of life. The first month had been easy. He had a supply of words, catch-phrases: "I'm learning to love, Edwina . . . It's pleasant and it's beautiful . . . Let me find my way to your heart?"

Later, more than a year after their marriage, when he suggested coyly that he needed a little money, she went stiff and cold in his arms. "You have your store. You said yourself that business was good."

"I need stock. I want to enlarge the premises, move my lines faster. With a small outlay, say, twenty thousand, this could become the start of a big business."

Edwina had three hundred thousand left her by a previous husband. But she remained adamant. Clarence bided his time. She would yield. He softened her days with words, her evenings with an amorousness he hadn't known

was in him. It was disgusting, kissing a woman with fat, soft cheeks and bulging lips. But the trick seemed to work. She was mollified, she yielded to love. But when six months later he mentioned money again, this time she became coldly angry.

"There are limits," she said in a tense voice he'd never heard before. "There are definite limits to what a woman will accept from a man. I'm willing to play at your love scenes. They harm no one, even if they make you look like a fool. But don't expect me to buy any of them with even one thousand dollars."

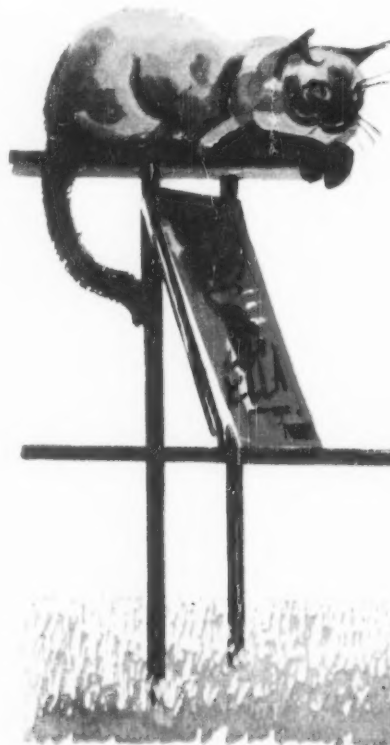
This was a new Edwina. A big, dangerous, clever woman. For a moment Clarence felt panic.

"I don't understand . . ." he said. "I don't . . ."

"You don't recognize me?" supplied Edwina. "No, I didn't think you would. I have taken a husband, for free. Because I felt the need for companionship. I have chosen a man in business because I thought he would be less demanding. My money is accounted for. Until I die, it is mine. I ask nothing of you. I'll keep on supplying this house as before, leaving you to enjoy your own income as you personally wish. But that's all."

And it was.

Clarence attempted more tenderness in the days that followed, but he found Edwina had become reticent, not **continued on page 38**



"If I hitch my wagon to yours," Doris explained coldly, "it's because you are going somewhere."



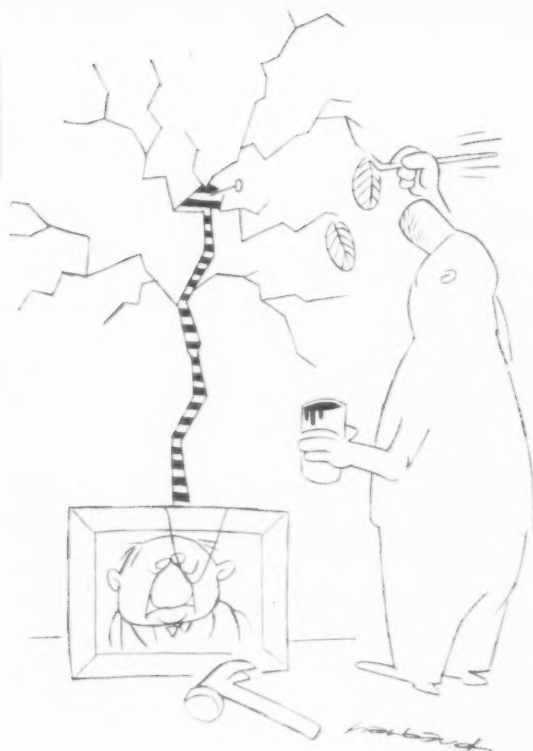
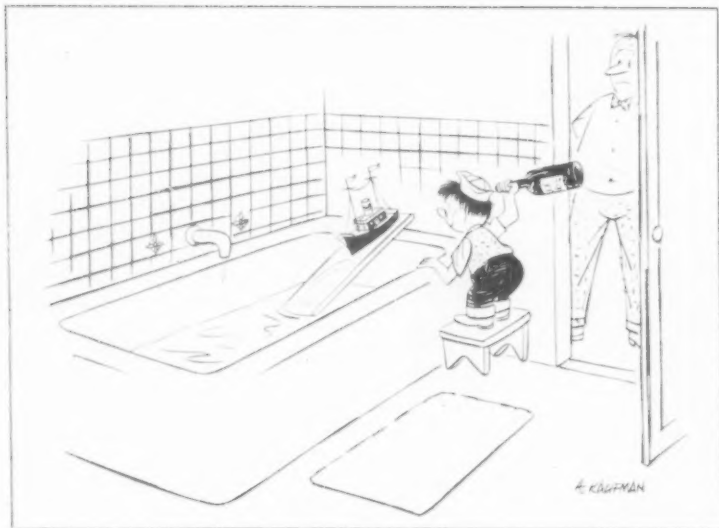
Clarence had played it smart. With his wife dead he'd have her money and young, lovely Doris.

HOW COULD HE MISS?



ILLUSTRATED BY ED McNALLY

# Sweet & sour



## 3 foolproof recipes for men

By GLADYS BELL

The food editors of Gracious Living are firm believers that men are imaginative and skillful cooks. To prove our point we asked Ted Blame, star of television, Dr. Blankethorn, child specialist, and Eustace Tipperset, celebrated author, to give us their favorite recipes. Here they are exactly in the delightfully informal, individual manner these gourmets sent them to us:

### STEAK (Ted Blame)

The husband should always buy the steaks. If the wife does they will not be the size and thickness of small roasts. Have wife set broiler to 500. Take steaks out of refrigerator and have another quick one until wife says broiler is ready. Take a last drink into the living room and watch TV until wife says steaks are done. Serve with plain white fresh bread. If you want to dress it up a little have wife make tossed salad. Simple but good.

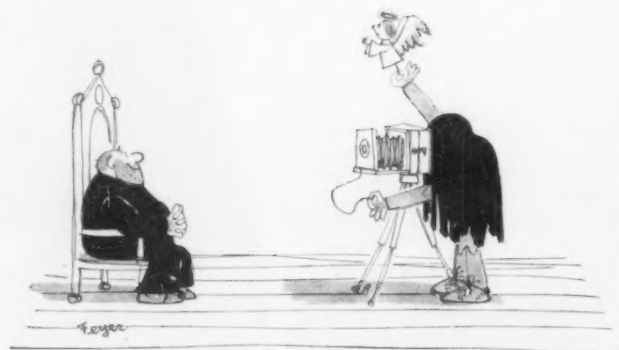
### BACON AND EGGS (Dr. Blankethorn)

About once every two years I give my wife breakfast in bed. I use paper plates and throw away the

frying pan afterward. Method: Put frying pan to heat. Call out to wife, "Where is the bacon?" Go into bedroom and shake wife awake and repeat question. Take bacon and eggs out of refrigerator. Put bacon in frying pan and break eggs carefully into a cup one at a time. If yolks break after several tries, whip up with a fork and serve scrambled. If attempting toast and coffee also go into wife's bedroom and flip blind sharply and she'll gladly get up and help you. Otherwise serve plain white bread and let her make coffee later. Delicious.

### BEEF SANDWICH SUPREME (Eustace Tipperset)

Put about a half-inch-thick slice of rare beef between two slices of white bread until meat hangs out over the edges. Ask wife, "Where is that mustard pickle?" Remove contents of one whole shelf of refrigerator to get at pickle. Apply liberally to meat. Eat sandwich with two hands and serve with black coffee. To make coffee search around and find it in canister marked Flour. Tell wife to come and make her own sandwich if she says she's hungry too.



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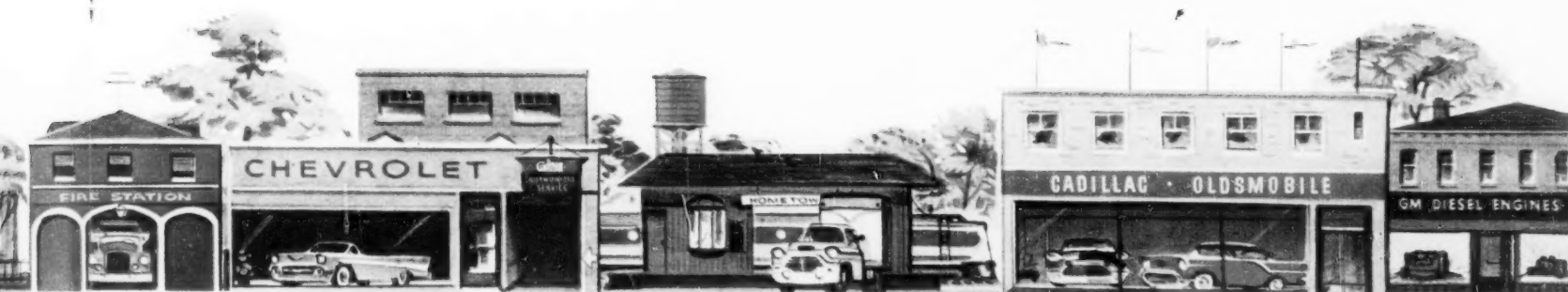
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TRADE-MARK







# O MAIN STREETS



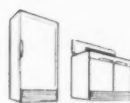
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## Maclean's Movies

RATED BY CLYDE GILMOUR



### BEST BET

**Love in the Afternoon:** Under the astute command of writer-director Billy Wilder, the durable Maurice Chevalier returns in triumph to the American screen at sixty-nine in an enjoyable fun-in-Paris comedy. His role is that of a French "private eye" whose sheltered daughter (Audrey Hepburn) has the misfortune to fall in love with a notorious millionaire playboy. Gary Cooper, without saying "yup" or "nope" even once, does astonishingly well as the heartbreaker.

**Edge of the City:** The friendship between a Negro and a white man is entirely free of the usual self-consciousness in this strong and thoughtful drama about good-versus-evil in a New York railroad yard. With Sidney Poitier, John Cassavetes.

**The Little Hut:** Ava Gardner, Stewart Granger and David Niven in an embarrassingly coy and smirking comedy about not-really-naughty activities on a desert island. Rating: poor.

**The Monte Carlo Story:** Marlene Dietrich and Vittorio De Sica are glamorous oldsters who fall warily in love, each erroneously believing that the other is wealthy. Rating: fair.

**Public Pigeon No. 1:** Red Skelton as a dupe of confidence men in a comedy adapted from a television show that must have been terrible, even if it was better than the movie.

**Silk Stockings:** Hollywood's version of a Cole Porter show based on the 1939 Greta Garbo movie *Ninotchka*, about a frosty Russian girl in Paris. She came, thawed, and conquered. The film gets fairly dull at times after a brilliant start but is worth seeing. With Fred Astaire, Cyd Charisse, Peter Lorre.

**Tiger in the Smoke:** A complicated but interesting British mystery adapted from one of Margery Allingham's literate thrillers. Tony Wright is a killer on the loose in the London fog.

### GILMOUR'S GUIDE TO THE CURRENT CROP

**Abandon Ship:** Drama. Fair.  
**The Baby and the Battleship:** Navy comedy. Good.  
**Bachelor Party:** Drama. Good.  
**Boy on a Dolphin:** Treasure-hunting comedy-drama. Good.  
**The Brave One:** Mexico drama. Good.  
**Brothers in Law:** Comedy. Good.  
**The Buster Keaton Story:** Biographical comedy-drama. Fair.  
**Checkpoint:** Road-race drama. Fair.  
**Confidential Report:** Mystery. Poor.  
**Designing Woman:** Comedy. Good.  
**Doctor at Large:** Comedy. Good.  
**Drango:** South-in-1865 drama. Good.  
**Fear Strikes Out:** Drama. Good.  
**Full of Life:** Comedy. Good.  
**Funny Face:** Musical. Excellent.  
**Girl in Black Stockings:** Crime. Fair.  
**The Gold of Naples:** Italian multi-story comedy-drama. Good.  
**The Great Man:** Drama. Excellent.  
**Gunfight at the OK Corral:** Western. Good.  
**The Happy Road:** Comedy. Good.  
**Hot Summer Night:** Crime drama. Fair.  
**House of Ricordi:** Italy opera festival. Dull story; fine singing.  
**House of Secrets:** Crime drama. Fair.

**The Incredible Shrinking Man:** Science-fiction thriller. Excellent.  
**Joe Butterfly:** Comedy. Fair.  
**The Killing:** Crime drama. Excellent.  
**Maddalena:** Drama. Fair.  
**Men in War:** War drama. Fair.  
**Oh, Men! Oh, Women!:** Comedy. Fair.  
**Paris Does Strange Things:** Romantic comedy. Poor.  
**The Rainmaker:** Comedy-drama. Good.  
**The River's Edge:** Action. Fair.  
**Shadow on the Window:** Crime. Fair.  
**The Silent World:** Undersea true-life drama in color. Tops.  
**The Spanish Gardener:** Drama. Good.  
**The Spirit of St. Louis:** Biographical aviation drama. Good.  
**Spring Reunion:** Comedy-drama. Fair.  
**The Strange One:** Drama. Good.  
**The Tall T:** Western. Fair.  
**The Tattered Dress:** Drama. Fair.  
**Ten Thousand Bedrooms:** Comedy. Good.  
**Town on Trial:** Mystery. Fair.  
**12 Angry Men:** Drama. Excellent.  
**The Wrong Man:** Drama. Good.  
**Yankee Incident:** British naval-war drama. Good.  
**The Young Stranger:** Drama. Good.



## Spadina Avenue

Continued from page 23

rate, a Ukrainian can go to a Ukrainian-dialogue movie (with English subtitles), and an Orthodox Jew can have an Orthodox funeral.

When a flash fire on Baldwin Street off Spadina sent sixty-two people scrambling for safety one night last March a Greek father dropped his fifteen-month-old daughter from a third-floor window into the arms of a bystander. The odds are stacked heavily against anyone but a skilled athlete catching twenty-odd pounds of squirming baby from that height. But on the Spadina Strip it wasn't even marked down as a coincidence that the onlooker, who fielded the infant flawlessly, was once a professional soccer player in Poland.

Spadina is a little more than five miles long and wears at least three hats; one, at its northern end, as the High Street of a wealthy residential district, Forest Hill, and another as a midtown office and apartment block artery. The many-tongued enclave known as the Strip is cut off from the midtown section by a near-Gothic stone pile that straddles the Avenue just north of College Street like an island in a river, forcing traffic to flow around it.

This formidable barrier was built as a Presbyterian College in 1874, almost forty years after the original section of the domed Jesuit Seminary that marks the south limit of the Strip around the Wellington Street intersection. The Jesuits, who are planning a move to the suburbs now, outlasted the Presbyterians. For the last fifteen years the Gothic island has been used for the production of penicillin, insulin, and, more recently, polio virus and Salk vaccine by the Connaught Medical Research Laboratories. Like the rest of the world, the Spadina Strip has been strung out between the priesthoods of religion and science.

Religion is incomparably better represented along the length of the Strip. The Avenue and its backwaters are studded with churches — Russian, Greek, Hungarian, Ukrainian, Lithuanian; Lutheran, Catholic, Presbyterian, Jewish, Buddhist, Evangelical. The Church of All Nations, as you'd expect it to be, is just around the corner on Queen Street.

"It is the churches that bring us to Spadina when we are strangers in a strange land," says Wilhelm Hranilovic, a onetime movie distributor in Yugoslavia who had grave need of a church when he settled on the Strip five years ago. "Myself, a few prayers were everything I had in those days."

In "those days" Hranilovic's wife was slowly dying of cancer while he tried to father two young sons who were "running wild" and at the same time find a job that would look after all of them. Characteristically—for Spadina—a priest ministered spiritual help and the "strongly evangelical" Scott Mission, Inc., took it from there, supplying food for the family, underwriting hospital care for the mother, and finally landing a job for Hranilovic himself.

That was five years ago. Hranilovic, remarried and the beaming proprietor of a Spadina Strip magazine and gift store, changed his name to Hill when he became a Canadian citizen in June.

"Listen," he says, happily twiddling



## In the World of Desserts

with Frances Barton

So many homemakers these days depend on "convenience" foods . . . we all do, really. But did you know that those wonderfully convenient (and delicious) Jell-O products have a family history? Yes, Jell-O Products are part of the big General Foods family—

and every last member is a real ally in your kitchen. There's Kool-Aid, for example—one of my special summer favorites. Convenient Kool-Aid makes a delightfully cooling drink—and, combined with Jell-O Jelly Powder, makes inexpensive frozen suckers to treat the youngsters, too. Here's how:

### FROZEN SUCKERS

- 1 package Kool-Aid\*
- 1 package Jell-O (same flavor)
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 cups hot water
- 2 cups cold water

Dissolve Kool-Aid, Jell-O and sugar in hot water. Add cold water, mixing thoroughly. Pour into ice cube trays or sucker moulds and freeze until firm. Then push sucker stick or paper spoon into each cube or mould for handle. Freeze until hard. Makes about 20 suckers.

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## Two Sides to This Story



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and richness  
you get  
only in  
puddings you cook

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Cook Jell-O Pudding quickly, easily — in minutes. Enjoy that real old-fashioned flavor and consistency you get *only* in a cooked pudding. Serve Jell-O Pudding plain, or add "fancy fixings" for a special occasion . . . and catch the compliments that come your way.

### Cherry Parfait Pudding (Tastes so good — looks so tempting)

- 1 package Jell-O Vanilla Pudding and Pie Filling
- 2 cups milk
- ¾ cup cherry sauce
- Sliced toasted almonds

Prepare Jell-O Vanilla Pudding according to package directions. Cool slightly. Half-fill sherbet glasses with the pudding; add a rounded tablespoon of cherry sauce to each. Fill glasses with pudding. Chill. Arrange toasted almonds, petal fashion, on top of pudding and centre each "flower" with a piece of cherry. Makes 5 delicious servings at such little cost.

# Jell-O

## PUDDING and PIE FILLING

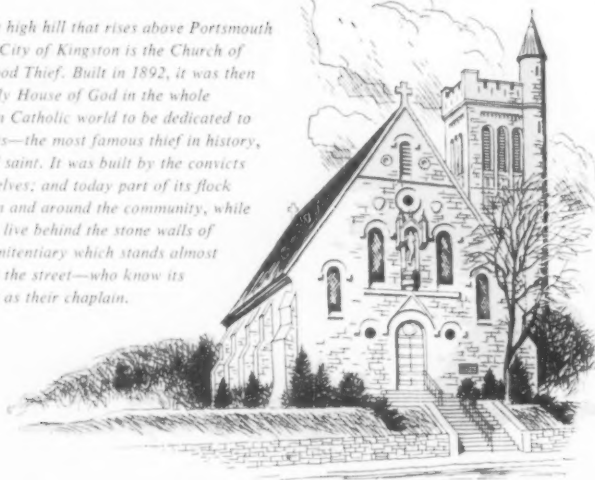
JELL-O IS A REGISTERED TRADE MARK OWNED IN CANADA BY GENERAL FOODS, LIMITED





## CANADIAN FREEDOMS ... Freedom of Belief

On the high hill that rises above Portsmouth in the City of Kingston is the Church of the Good Thief. Built in 1892, it was then the only House of God in the whole Roman Catholic world to be dedicated to Dismas—the most famous thief in history, turned saint. It was built by the convicts themselves; and today part of its flock lives in and around the community, while others live behind the stone walls of the penitentiary which stands almost across the street—who know its pastor as their chaplain.



Freedom to find support and consolation in the belief of our choice is the right and privilege of every Canadian . . . even to those who have offended most against Society by mis-planning and mis-spending their lives. Wise planning for this life is best done with the help of those who can advise wisely . . . and your Empire Life Agent is able to give you invaluable counsel in planning your affairs to include the protection—both for yourself and for your loved ones—offered by Life Insurance. We invite you to consult him, and benefit by his sound advice.



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**CALVERT HOUSE**

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the knobs on his spanking new air conditioner. "In Yugoslavia I try it four years to settle with the Red ones. It doesn't go. Here, I know where I am. That's a penny business I've got. We never get rich, but I can make plans. Now I look for ten years ahead."

Hranilovic's story, with variations on the theme, is played out a dozen times a day in as many languages on the Spadina Strip. Sometimes the story ends as hopelessly as his began. Janar Tulos, a 44-year-old Hungarian tightrope walker with an artist's temperament, went back to Budapest not long ago. He had spent his courage on the Strip, lost a hand under the cutter of a bookbinding machine he had been set to run, and wanted nothing more than to return to a place where "there is something for a tightrope walker."

But most of the Strip's swarm of Europeans-becoming-Canadians are working too hard to give much thought to how things used to be. Men, for example, don't usually last long as pig-slaughterers. The gush of hot blood swells their hands and arms to crippling proportions. But Abram Charney, who "came here to work," slaughtered enough pigs in two years to finance half a European-style butcher shop on Kensington Street in the Strip's Jewish Market.

"My hands were big like a pig's leg," says Charney, "but we came in the business."

The Market where Abram Charney "came in the business" is an old-world warren of clogged streets with a blood-fish-and-spice smell in the air, a jumble of fruits, vegetables, grains and shoddy piece goods spilling over the sidewalks halfway to the curbs, and a more cosmopolitan press of customers than back home in Cracow.

In five minutes in the Market a Jewish matron can buy *bagels* at Lottman's Bakery, *lox* at Reinstein's Fish Market, and unsalted cream cheese at Daiter's Dairy. In the same five minutes a Negro porter's wife will bid on a live forty-pound carp from Jim Windecker's tank truck, pick up a dozen yams at Zimmerman's Produce, and a bunch of green Fortuna bananas (for stewing with the fish) from Sam Sanci, who's sold twenty varieties of banana in the Market for twenty-six years.

Without moving the length of a supermarket aisle you can buy eggplants from Greece, artichokes from Italy, oranges from Israel, and pickled herrings from Iceland. There are three kinds of peppers, paprikas to boot, peanut oil, bay leaves, three kinds of rice, poppy seeds, sesame seeds, lentils, millet, nabit, eight other grains and seven varieties of nuts in open tin cans in one store front. You can choose your own from any one of a dozen breeds of live chickens and within a hundred paces there's a *Schochet* who'll give it the Kosher kill for seven-cent fee.

For almost forty years the Market was in lusty operation for just about every daylight hour of the year. But by 1955 most of the merchants were tired of paying a police summons every Monday, and now many of the shops are shuttered on Sundays.

By sunup every other day the delivery trucks that choke the Market streets—four or five blocks on Baldwin, Kensington and Augusta—all week are beginning to pull up with loads of live fish, live fowl, sides of beef, bushels of vegetables and baskets of fruit. The dry-goods stall keepers are festooning the sidewalks with cotton underwear, imitation oriental rugs and seventeen-dollar three-piece suits, while the furniture merchants roll out a clutch of cheap household goods

with placards exhorting you to buy in as many as ten languages.

The customers, when they begin to show up around seven, are as mixed as the merchants. A petite Japanese bride who's just picked up some bamboo sprouts, yam noodles and *Kikkoman shoyu* (soy sauce) at Furaya's across the Avenue will browse through the Market for leeks and unpolished rice to round out the *sukiyaki*. Toronto's mayor, Nathan Phillips, who's gone to bat more than once in his years on city council to defend the Market's practice of setting up shop on the sidewalk, may stop by for some *kreplach* (the "eternal triangle," made of boiled meat baked in a dough shell) and a loaf of *challah* (Saturday bread); and a Romany down-and-out from a Strip flophouse will bargain for a quarter bushel of barley for the week's home brew, and a couple of gallon wine jugs to keep it in.

By the time most Toronto shopkeepers are taking their shutters down the Market's pedestrian traffic is spilling off the strip of sidewalk that's left and into the streets. Most of the women wear the head kerchief, and the men the wide bottomed trousers, of the Europe that's



**Who is it?**

She's a champion in a field that calls for lots of drive. Turn to page 38 to see who this girl grew up to be.

still rubbing off. But there are bargain hunters, gourmets, and plain kibitzers adding their own brands of English to the Babel of Anglo-Yiddish mingled with all the tongues of Europe that the Market transacts a normal day's business in.

A cockney is back with the barrow boys of Rupert Street when he walks through the Market, and a New Yorker finds Old Orchard Street almost intact. The likeness, in both cases, is more than skin-deep. All three are multi-tongued islands silted into English-speaking cities by the political and economic run-off of the old world. They disappear every generation and are reappearing by a fresh outbreak of hunger and fear in Europe. Many of the Jewish shopkeepers who made the Market from the tail-gates of their horse carts forty years ago are living out a comfortable retirement in the middle-class northern suburbs of Toronto. Their sons are as likely to be securities salesmen as fish peddlers.

The Charneys from Cracow and the Zimmermans from Breslau, who've moved into the vacant shops and coldwater flats as the original Jewish community "graduated" from the Market and the Spadina Strip, are already taking aim at the suburbs. Meanwhile, there is more than one television antenna sprouting over the Market.

The Spadina Strip's bread and butter, which is sold in the Market, is earned farther south on the Avenue. The corner of Spadina and Adelaide is the hub of

half Canada's garment industry, a frenetic business that's a peculiarly apt outlet for the creative drive as well as the muscle of the Strip's manpower.

The section of the trade that Spadina has cut out for its own—in a sawoff with Montreal for domination of the industry—is the "better dress" field. Better dresses, as the trade sees it, are anything that will provoke a style-conscious stenographer or a young matron to separate herself from between twelve and sixty dollars. If it costs less or more it's probably made in Montreal and took simple sweat or near-genius to produce.

A Spadina dress, modish but not high fashion, is the product of nervous talent. Most Spadina styles aren't "original;" they're adapted from New York designs, which in turn follow a "mode" set by the couturiers of Paris, with an occasional assist from Rome or London.

"A Canadian girl will hold back from most New York styles, even though she might admire them," explains Joe Gossky, a Spadina dress designer who makes a dozen trips a year to New York for inspiration. "She may want to look just as bitchy as anybody on Fifth Avenue, but she doesn't quite dare—at least not in public."

Like the rest of the designers on the Avenue, Gossky plays out his talent trying to take the "bitchiness" out of his New York models without losing whatever it is that makes them fresh and fashionable. He has five lines to design every year—one for each season and a "party-time" group of semi-formals for Christmas and New Year's merrymaking—and he has to guess right every time.

"If you once lay an egg," Joe says in a weirdly effective metaphor, "your goose is cooked."

The theme recurs in almost every conversation about the fashion industry. "We're in business twenty-five years," observes Jules Sheenan, the sales manager of one of the successful Spadina style houses, "and we're in a new business every season."

Most Spadina houses show buyers across Canada about twice as many sample styles as they expect to produce. Vancouver, Edmonton and Calgary usually buy the same styles that will be popular in Toronto. The rest of the west, including Winnipeg, leans to more strait-laced models. Chic is where you'd expect to find it, in Montreal and Quebec City; and the Maritimes might as well be back on the Prairies. Most of the dresses made on the Avenue are in the nine to nineteen size range; the best part of New York's dresses are comparatively petite five to fifteens. These odd-numbered sizes are known as "juniors;" they're compact in all the places where it counts, while an even-numbered, or "misses" size, is more mature around the bosom, statelier around the hips, and maybe even a little full around the waist.

The Spadina garment men hang their hearts on their labels. They make Fabulous Formals, Flattering Frocks and Klever Klad Dresses. Height is an asset in a Mademoiselle Tall, timeliness a tribute in a Paradise Junior. They want you to feel you'll look patrician in a Lady Beatrice Hat, alluring in a Lovable Bra (It Costs So Little To Look Lovable), and right out of this world in an Exquisite Form Biflex Foundation. You can fit your gayest mood with a Melody Dress or whoop it up modishly in a Junior Vogue Cocktail Timer. And if you're cagey with a buck you can't do better than a Sel-More Garment. At least half the garment firms flourish under their owners' names, and at least nine in ten of these are Jewish.

That Spadina's garment industry is all

but entirely in Jewish hands is probably due less to a natural affinity for style than an intimate knowledge of the mechanics of the business, drugged out of the sewing and cutting rooms over a couple of generations. Thirty-five years ago or so the industry was owned by Anglo-Canadians and the shops were manned by the Jewish immigrants who were making the Spadina Strip over into a Semitic village.

The owners' sons were at university studying the professions, and the Jewish boys in the shops were hungry and in a hurry. Now the cycle has come full turn.

"You see young Luigi over there?" one of the Avenue's brightest successes asked, pointing to a swarthy youth whose name may or may not have been Luigi, who was scuttling past under a load of cuttings. "In twenty years I'll be out and he'll be in. He's stepping about as fast as I did when I was hustling bundles."

Luigi and his Italian countrymen, most of them recent immigrants, are the largest racial group in the shops right now. They work cheek-by-jowl with smaller groups of Syrians, Japanese, Greeks, Central Europeans, Cockneys, Irishmen and the

occasional fifth generation Canadian. They're usually under a union contract and almost invariably on piece rates, which they prefer because the piece-work system "makes a man his own boss."

There was a time when Spadina's employers and needle-workers dealt at arm's length, and often as not with bare knuckles. For six years during the 1930s there was a picket line somewhere on the Avenue every day. Effective legislation and goodwill on both sides have changed this, and almost erased even the memory of old grievances. There hasn't been a strike

The advertisement features two boxes of Brading's beer. The box on the left is for "Cinci The Lighter Lager Beer" and the box on the right is for "Brading's Ale". Both boxes are white with black and gold accents. Above the boxes, there are two glasses of beer, one tall and one shorter, both filled with a golden liquid. The background is a dark, reflective surface. The text "refreshing new look for Brading's!" is prominently displayed in the center, with "refreshing" and "new look" in a large, elegant serif font, and "for Brading's!" in a smaller, bold sans-serif font. Below this, a short paragraph reads: "Two old favourites in handsome new cases! Smooth, mellow Brading's Ale and 'Cinci'—the lighter lager beer—now offer an elegant new look outside to match the friendly refreshment inside each bright new case."





There's always a  
**WARM WELCOME**

when your home heating comfort is **AUTOMATICALLY**  
assured by an oil-fired

**VIKING "20" BOILER**

This heating handyman is *always* on the job throughout the cold Canadian winter. (It even provides domestic hot water all year round when equipped with a tankless water heater!)

You'll find your heating homework consists of raising one finger—to

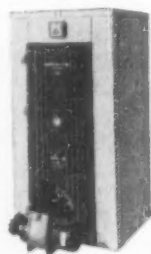
adjust the thermostat to your liking. Then you can relax and fully enjoy the pleasure of modern living with your family.

Your automatic, oil-fired VIKING "20" is in complete command of your home heating comfort!

**TO  
COMPLETE  
A MODERN VIKING  
SYSTEM**

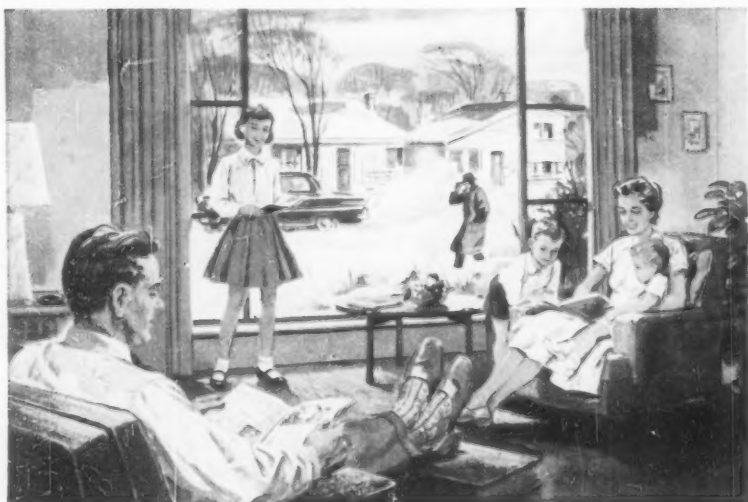
you enjoy central heating that is *draftless* when WARDEN KING RADIANT BASEBOARD PANELS are installed with your VIKING "20" BOILER.

Ask your  
Plumbing and Heating  
Contractor



*Warden King*  
**LIMITED**

**"THE  
GRAND OLD NAME  
IN HEATING"**



on the Avenue for a decade or more, and the union delegates are as quick as the employers to boom the industry as a "paragon" of labor relations.

The Spadina sewing rooms are a more or less rewarding place to work for at least ten thousand people. According to a needle-trade union official, a bundle hustler "with an ounce of co-ordination between his eyes and his hands" who starts work for twenty-five dollars a week can be earning eighty-five within a year as a pattern cutter. Most weekly pay cheques fall between the two figures.

The Avenue is so congenial to labor that it's host to a couple of dozen other unions as well as an even ten that look out for the needle-workers' interests. The unions have had their troubles with Communist members as well as employers—it's only a couple of years since the Amalgamated Clothing Workers local was split open in a near war with a Communist faction—but they've broken every attempt to dominate the locals so far.

At one time Spadina regularly returned J. B. Salsberg as an LPP member to the Provincial Legislature, a habit that inspired a waggish reporter to tag it the "Little Red Riding." But Salsberg won his last election in 1951. The eclipse of the LPP is credited to prosperity by most of the Strip's citizens, although there are still about four hundred men, mainly elderly pensioners eking out their government allowance, in the lineup for a square meal at the Scott Mission every day. And there's always a gang of able-bodied loiterers hanging around the National Employment Service building farther down Spadina, ready to jump on the back of a contractor's truck for a dollar an hour. But across the board the Avenue, like the rest of the country, never had it so good. Even the Toronto Labor Lyceum, built co-operatively by the Spadina unions to house their offices, is catering to the good life these days. There's a bar in the basement and there's dancing to old-time music in the auditorium every Friday and Saturday night.

And if you don't run into the right girl here or at one of the other Avenue dance mills you can shop through an illustrated catalogue of 227 German girls for two dollars at Waldi's marriage brokerage on Augusta in the Jewish Market, or a roughly equal number of Italian girls at your choice of similar establishments elsewhere in the Strip. If one takes your

fancy—judging by the pictures the odds are one will—and if you're well enough heeled the agent will handle the rest of the deal right through a proxy marriage and delivery of the bride.

There are three mail-and-money brokers on the Avenue who'll take cash here and arrange for, say, streptomycin to be forwarded to Prague from Geneva, and coffee and cocoa to be sent to Cracow from Copenhagen, saving you the cost of airmail across the Atlantic.

The same agents will look after you if you want to send money home to relatives in East Europe without paying the ruinous official exchange rate. The Hungarian forint, for instance, is officially pegged at about eleven to a Canadian dollar. But in terms of purchasing power it finds its level on the open market at about thirty to the dollar. This is the price that a Hungarian businessman, who can't buy dollars legally at home at any price, is willing to pay. Your dollars are usually left on deposit in Canada. The Hungarian delivers forints to your relatives, and congratulates himself because he's traded soft money for hard and has it in a safe place to boot. The Spadina agent greases the wheels of the deal, takes a small commission, and leaves everyone smiling.

Their activities have convinced a good many New Canadians that the agencies are all-knowing.

"People come in off the street and write from all over the country asking us to pick out a good Canadian Christian name for their babies," says Laszlo Csatho, a young lawyer from Budapest who's the manager of the largest agency. "What can I say? I like George myself."

Sometimes the questions are easier to answer. "A man wrote us from Saskatoon wanting to know what to do because he was bothered by fierce itching. We told him to take a bath more often."

Baths are a Spadina specialty; there are five full-scale public steam baths on the Strip (ladies' nights Wednesday and Friday). Funerals are another. Six morticians are established on or just off the Avenue. Rites can be arranged in almost every service and tongue known to man, from Hebrew to Buddhist.

Cleanliness and godliness provided for, the Avenue looks after its stomach. A single Spadina poultry house kills and plucks three and a half thousand chickens a day, and there's chicken *tortellini* on

**JASPER**

By Simpkins

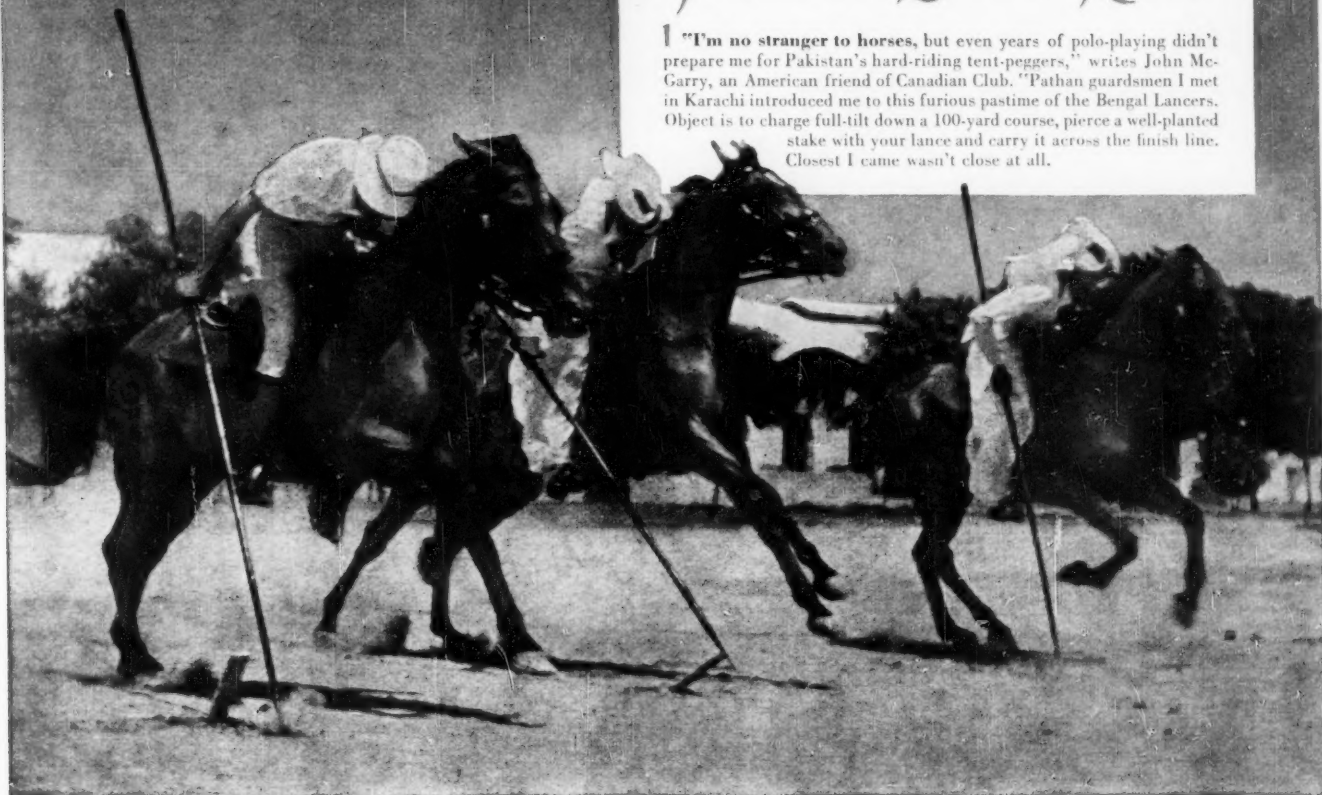


MACLEAN'S

My pride was at stake in this

## PAKISTAN STAKE RACE

1 "I'm no stranger to horses, but even years of polo-playing didn't prepare me for Pakistan's hard-riding tent-peggers," writes John McGarry, an American friend of Canadian Club. "Pathan guardsmen I met in Karachi introduced me to this furious pastime of the Bengal Lancers. Object is to charge full-tilt down a 100-yard course, pierce a well-planted stake with your lance and carry it across the finish line. Closest I came wasn't close at all."



2 "The faster you gallop the better your chances," Bashir Ahmad advised as he showed me how a stake is impaled on a lance-point. But six futile passes made me wish I'd stuck to hobby horses.



3 "I sidelined myself for a good look at the guardsmen's technique, and saw horsemanship any polo player could envy. The men rode four abreast at stakes set only eight feet apart. One turbaned daredevil took his peg narrow side on; his Arab steed never slackened its pace."



4 "The 110 degree heat of the parade ground made Karachi's Hotel Metropole a welcome oasis. Especially when they served Canadian Club! Here in the cosmopolitan capital of Pakistan, Canadian Club is an old-time favourite—as it is wherever I travel."

Why this world-wide popularity? It's the distinctive light, satisfying flavour of Canadian Club. You can stay with it all evening long . . . in cocktails before dinner, and tall ones after. Try Canadian Club *yourself* and you'll see why it is served in every notable club, hotel or bar the world over.

IN 87 LANDS . . . "THE BEST IN THE HOUSE"

# "Canadian Club"

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**HIRAM WALKER  
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SUPPLIERS OF "CANADIAN CLUB" WHISKY

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the menu at Little Italy, chicken *paprikas* at Little Hungary, and fresh *schmaltz* in four dozen Kosher delicatessens. You can buy *nasi goreng* from Surabaya, *Kegami* crabs from Yokohama, and *Gouda* cheeses from Amsterdam.

You can sit down to *goulash* in an iron pot, *chop suey* in a bamboo bowl, and—at Passover—*matzo* on a *Seder* tray. You can set a *bar mitzvah* banquet at twenty-five dollars a plate and for two days last April you could have tucked into glazed capon, *Restigouche* salmon and butter-drawn lobster at the Scott Mission without paying a nickel or even listening to a sermon. (The Mission's menu, which is free to all comers every day of the year, isn't usually cribbed from the Ritz. Most of the food is donated, and that's what turned up last April 3rd and 4th.)

Although there's hardly a dish of any origin you can't order on the Avenue, Kosher food is still the staple and the supreme specialty. Jews and Gentiles, Torontonians and tourists come to the Strip for the spiced titillations of Kosher cookery. Kosher dairyman Harry Daiter's name has been circulated far beyond the Avenue and the city by his products,

as has bakeryman Sid Lottman's. Sausage maker Sam Shopsowitz has stepped up into the big time with frankfurters named after himself.

"Shopsy's" Kosher restaurant, in fact, bracketed with Sammy Taft's hat store next door, is a regular calling place for many of the American movie, music and sports personalities who pass through Toronto from time to time. Big Benny, the colored panhandler who works this block on Spadina, recalls the day when Jimmy Durante, Louis Armstrong, Rudy Vallee and Jersey Joe Walcott all stopped by for headgear and/or headcheese.

After ten years of panhandling on Spadina Benny is case-hardened to a cosmopolitan clientele. "Some days I can stem the Avenue for an hour and never get answered in the same language twice," he observes. But the racial virtuosity of the Strip is equal to surprising even Benny from time to time.

He's still shaking his head over a phenomenon that turned up in the Christmas season last year. Toward the close of a festive day a frail and silent Chinese began panhandling on Ben's beat.

Benny, who usually discourages the first sign of competition on his block

with all the muscle he's got, was too rattled to say an unkind word.

"What could I do?" he asks with a roll of the eyeballs. "The only Chinese panhandler in the free world!"

Benny and the Avenue regulars named him the Mandarin and three weeks later he disappeared as quietly as he'd come, but not before he had taken his place in the Strip's character gallery. But by and large the Avenue pays little attention to characters. It's wrapped up in other things—in rolling with the punches day after day until, in time, a Canadian has been made out of a European washed up on a strange beach.

A sightseer from out of town, rubbernecking through the Strip not long ago, stopped in front of a large building set back of College Street just around the corner from Spadina. The only lettering on the face of the building was in a running Eastern script. Curious, he asked a bearded bypasser going through the gate whether he'd mind deciphering the inscription.

"What the hell's the matter with you?" the beard threw back over his shoulder, hurrying on. "Can't you understand Ukrainian?" ★



**The bequest** continued from page 26

**Clarence was getting desperate. How long would she take to die?**

to the point of locking her bedroom door, but certainly to the extent of preventing any of the more blatant attempts at befuddling her.

"Strategy," had murmured Clarence that night, noticing with satisfaction that his image in the mirror had a cunning look that became it very well. "Strategy. What I won't get while she's alive I must get once she's dead."

So he became a devoted husband. He had been tender and exuberant before. Now he became attentive, considerate. He listened patiently to all Edwina said, nodding intelligently, commenting with calm friendship on her every sentence. He complimented with admirable restraint. He showed himself vastly contemptuous of money matters. One day she hesitatingly broached the subject of money with him, but he made a placating gesture.

"No," he said, "let's not discuss this. You made your position clear once, and I felt very badly afterward for not having made mine clearer before you made your decision. You see, my intention was to offer you a running partnership with me. I had excellent bank credentials and commercial property to guarantee the alliance. Unfortunately, you thought I sought only to milk you of your funds. It's my fault for not having employed business methods with you. I obtained a loan at the bank last year and completed the improvements I had in mind. My business is now prospering very fast."

He went back to his paper, wondering if she believed everything he said, and as he lifted his eyes later and looked at her, he saw she was watching him speculatively.

**T**HEN there was Doris. She had been a pet project. At twenty Clarence had dreamed of a rich wife and a beautiful mistress. But he had been methodical, as in every endeavor. He first secured the business basis for his life, then, when

he reached thirty, the rich wife. The beautiful mistress had come later, after the second year of marriage, at about the time when Edwina had begun to feel ill most of the time. She hardly went out, and Clarence could feel very secure about Doris. Edwina had gone only once to Clarence's store and she could not know that Doris was now her husband's secretary and interim manager at the store.

She couldn't know the girl's cold blue eyes, as cold as Clarence's, as calculating and as dangerously implacable. Clarence,

car, paid her rent and furnished an apartment for her. Her clothes were expensive, their secret life too lavish. So when Edwina took to her bed for good, Clarence began to see the end of all his troubles.

**E**DWINA lay grotesque and unwieldy under the covers now. It was downhill for her. She fretted and moaned. But the cancer was deep inside the bulging flesh. It ate at her and slowly wasted her strength. Clarence had to repress a shudder each time he walked into her room. But he dutifully kissed her cheek and patted her hand, enquiring after her health. The doctor gave his report absently. She could not last long. She was too far gone.

"I have never seen such will power in a woman," he said to Clarence. "But the end is near and frankly I do not advise the hospital."

Clarence gave the news to Doris the next day.

It set them planning, of course. With Edwina soon dead, all of their ambitions would be fulfilled.

That night Clarence hoped for a time that some word of love might come from Doris. She was elated, her cheeks were flushed and her every nerve was taut. But all she could say, that she repeated after every other sentence, was: "We're rich, Clarence, or we'll soon be!"

Yes, rich, and every want secure, Clarence dreamed. Hardly forty years old, money, a new wife—beautiful, blond, as ambitious as he was.

The months had dragged. Edwina's resistance was phenomenal. And then Lilian's panicky call in the night: death had been the stronger. Clarence had to pinch himself. This could still be a dream. He had despaired lately because the new loans on the business could not be repaid on time. One month more, he had pleaded. He had never thought a human being could take so long to die! Once, he'd even started to plan

### ANSWER TO

**Who is it?** on page 34

Marlene Stewart Streit, who holds Canadian Open and Closed titles and U. S. women's amateur golf titles.

apart from seeing Doris every day at the store, met her twice a week at night. Being a member of a business club gave him the needed freedom.

And although Doris had been definite from the first—"I like you, Clarence. You think as I do. But let's not mix love with this kind of emotion we feel. If I hitch my wagon to yours, it's because you're going somewhere"—he wasn't at all convinced that some day she would not fall in love with him. So gradually he channeled his income toward her needs. The store was in no way as prosperous as Clarence had made it seem to his wife. But progress was constant and he could, knowing he was one day to inherit Edwina's money, permit himself certain financial loans. This way he had eventually bought Doris a

... He would finish her ... He would find a poison or something that no one could detect ... But Lilian's stern and watchful presence sobered him. Any little thing he'd do would be suspect.

So he had waited, praying she would die before the bank decided to take the store away from him. Hadn't he waited ten years already?

And now Edwina lay dead in her room. Tomorrow ... at last he'd be free. Tomorrow indeed! He was free now! Free! The beautiful thought! The heady feeling!

He went to his dresser, switched on the twin bureau lamps, and stood before the mirror. His face was calmer than he had expected it to be. He watched it for a long time. It was a pleasant enough face. He picked up his glasses and put them on. They hid the steely glint in his eyes. The contrasted lamp shades highlighted his smooth forehead, the fair hair and the incongruous crewcut, the narrow nose, the thin lips, the small head. No, it was hard to put an age on him. He felt relieved that his forty years were not blatantly apparent. He put his hands flat on the glass-topped bureau and took a deep breath. Then he inhaled slowly, letting the delicious feeling come out of himself in a controlled, yet tense exuberance. He wondered if it were permitted to yell with glee.

Edwina's death, a moment ago a hazy event, was only now permeating really through his thoughts, and the feeling of finality became inevitable.

"She's dead," he kept murmuring over and over again. "She's dead. It's all over ... I'm free ..."

A slow smile spread on his lips, exaggerating the thinness of the mouth. Young Doris ... now, Doris, and life, and Edwina's money!

**H**OW long had he been reminiscing? He dressed himself and spent the whole morning attending to the death duties. There was the bank manager to see, but it could wait a few hours still. He hurried to the store—to Doris.

But Doris was nowhere in sight. Probably out to lunch, thought Clarence. He went to his office. On his bureau was a large envelope marked "Personal." He opened it and started to read.

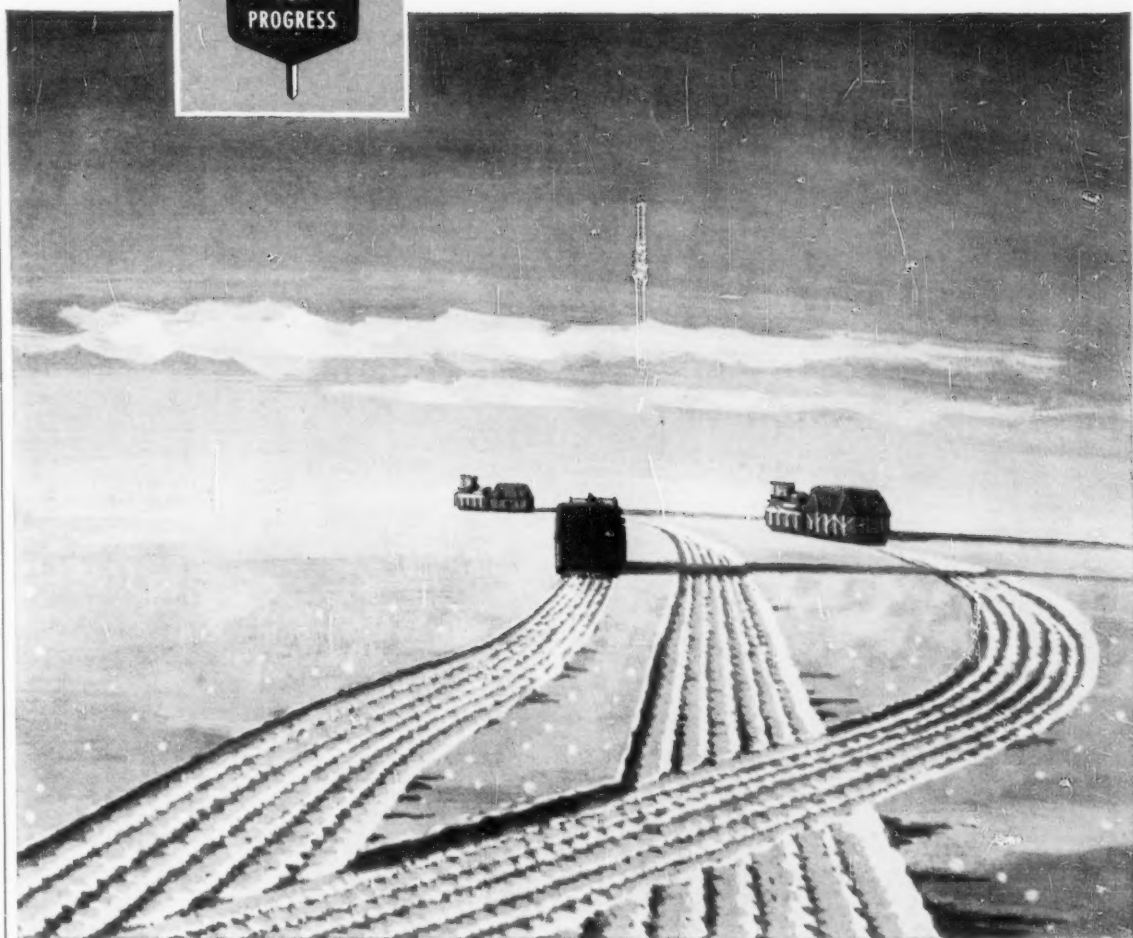
Dear Clarence:

There's a letter attached to this sheet of paper that needs no further explanation. It was brought to me a little later than three this morning. The way things stand now, I see no reason to spend the rest of my life with a man your age, and ...

Clarence was stunned. He flipped the page and there was another letter. He started to read ...

Dear Doris:

It hasn't been easy for me to find out about you. I had to pay large sums to some private detective before he gave me a full report on you and your relationship with my husband. The day I learned the complete details, I wrote this letter. After making certain arrangements, I pledged my housekeeper to take it to you the moment I died, so that you would get it before my last will and testament is read. Let's not pretend too much. As one woman writing to another, I know perfectly well what will happen, and I am also certain that my aim will be achieved. I think I know you pretty well, although we have never met. Thus, I have left all my money to you, less a settlement on my faithful housekeeper Lilian ... ★



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CAI-CANT-101





There's nothing phonier than a grateful author continued from page 18

"Did I inspire him!" said Miss Patton. "I used to be afraid to walk slowly past his desk"

an advertising-research company finding out why women buy soap, and he could write his book on week ends. But will he ever listen to me? The more I talk, the more stubborn he gets. Psychology! Did you ever meet anyone in your

life who's been cured by psychology?"

She's still talking as I walk slowly down her sidewalk, making notes.

It's like I told him the day he dropped the manuscript and I sorted pages all afternoon: if a psychologist doesn't

know what he's doing, who does?"

The next person I interview is Smith's stenographer. "To Miss Harriet Patton," Dr. Smith wrote, "whose creative secretarial work and unflagging effort was a constant inspiration."

Sounds of laughter and breaking glass come from Miss Patton's apartment as I knock at the door. Miss Patton opens the door with a yank, leans one hand against the jamb, spilling some of her Martini, and says, "You come about the electric stove?"

I read the acknowledgment to her. She gives a slow sleepy smile and says, "Did I inspire him! I used to be afraid to walk slowly past his desk." She straightens up abruptly, waves a hand in my face and says, "No, look—I was only kidding. Maybe I got a few bruises. But I liked working with the old duck."—she leans over and puts a hand on my shoulder and her voice suddenly becomes hoarsely sentimental—"and I'd just as soon get them in the cause of something big, like psychology, as some of the causes I got them on account of. So"—she snaps upright and hoists her Martini recklessly—"onward and upward!"

The next person I call on is Dr. Norman Waller, chief of the Convalescent Service of the Pratt Memorial Foundation for Mental Health, who "contributed much of his valuable time and knowledge."

He is a tall, dark, angry-looking man with a short brittle laugh. He peers suspiciously at the jacket and reads, "You and Your Emotions, by Dr. J. D. Smith," smiles grimly and goes to close the door. "Well, I guess it's by Dr. Smith," he says. "He got it typed and sent it to the editor."

"Well, Dr. Waller," I say, "isn't it by Dr. Smith?"

"Yuh. Sure," he says, closing the door slowly. "I guess he's the author." He laughs quickly. "You wouldn't call producing all the ideas for the book writing it, would you?"

By now just a strip of his flushed face and one eye are visible. "That's all right," he says. "Go ahead, just leave it at that. I contributed much of my valuable time and knowledge."

Dr. Smith wrote, "I also want to express my appreciation to Herbert Patrick, of the Trend Press, to whom I'm greatly indebted for pointing out errors and assisting me in the mechanical preparation."

Patrick is a little man with thin blond hair, ash-blond brows, white eyelashes, pale eyes and no shoulders. The only part of him that looks as if it won't soon disappear is his voice, which is deep and powerful. I find him in his backyard working on one of his kids' bicycles. He wipes the grease off his hands.

"Smith? Sure. That was the guy thought we used rubber type. He must have stayed up all night getting new brain waves, and every time he got one he just wrote in between the lines and figured we'd squeeze it in somehow. The proofreaders used to roll up the overset like New Year's Eve streamers and stick it in their desk drawers. How come those jokers get letters after their names without even knowing you can't squeeze steel?"

Patrick suddenly starts working at the bicycle, then stops and looks up and, without changing his voice or expression, asks, "How is the Doc? I kinda got to like him. Is he having any luck with his book?"

Miss Mary Weldon, the librarian of Little Oak, Connecticut, Dr. Smith's home town, was acknowledged for "her



We sincerely believe today's O'Keefe Ale is the best O'Keefe Brewmasters have ever produced—and they've been brewing for over 100 years.

Next time, try better-than-ever O'Keefe Ale.

kind permission to use her files and to make use of her reading room."

Miss Weldon is the only one I can't get to understand the purpose of my visit, probably because I start off by mentioning a section of Dr. Smith's book on animal psychology, in which he dealt with the reflexes of owls.

"Owls?" Miss Weldon whispers, dabbing her nose with Kleenex. "What was it you wanted to know about owls?"

"No," I say. "It's a book on psychology."

"What book on psychology? We have dozens of books on psychology. Would you care to fill out a card?"

"No, look, this is a Dr. Smith who wrote a book on psychology."

"Perhaps you should try under Smith."

I get in touch with two more people. The first is a Harold Ian Bockeridge, to whom Smith acknowledged his gratitude, "for kind permission to quote from his Selections from Greek Verse."

I don't actually meet Bockeridge, but I get a copy of his letter to Smith, which reads: "I have no objection to your using five lines from my Selections from Greek Verse as requested in your letter, providing you do not exceed fifty words, give prominent mention to SELECTIONS FROM GREEK VERSE by IAN BOCKERIDGE, in not less than eight-point type, and send two copies of the exact quotation to Herman Gaugin, literary agent, New York; two to the legal department of the Classical Publishing Company, of Philadelphia; and one to the undersigned. There will be a nominal charge of \$20."

The last person I call on is the head of the Department of Psychology, Stockton College, of whom Dr. Smith wrote in acknowledgment: "To my professor of psychology, Dr. L. Snow, who gave unsparingly of his energy and encouragement in revealing to me the underlying processes of human behavior, their cause, relationships and the extent to which we can hope to understand them in the light of the new Science of Man."

Professor Snow is an elderly kindly man I find sitting before his fire with a bottle of beer. When I read the acknowledgment, he smiles and shakes his head reminiscently.

"Sea Anchor Smith? I used to call him," Prof. Snow says. "I thought that boy would never catch on. I used to keep him in after lectures and threaten to write his parents if he didn't get at least a C on his next paper. I didn't think he'd ever make it, but"—Prof. Snow looks thoughtfully out the leaded-glass window of his study—"I guess he did. Maybe that's the difference between people who do things and people who don't: the courage to stick with it in the face of difficulty, discouragement and the handicaps of our natural talents. It's the measure of the man—or, let's say, the mature personality."

It seems to me that a list of acknowledgments like this, although it would take up a couple more pages, would be well worth the extra space. It would make the people being acknowledged seem more real and believable, and connect the whole thing up with the reader. Finding a few faults in others doesn't turn us against them; it's the only way we can tell them apart. It's not being able to find any that sours us. White-washing people doesn't improve them; it just makes them hard to see.

Anyway, as Dr. Smith pointed out, we're all very complex and contradictory. Some of our noblest deeds are done stintingly, flaggingly and with muffled oaths. It's results that count. Let's give people credit for what they do and never mind about the unstinting effort. ★



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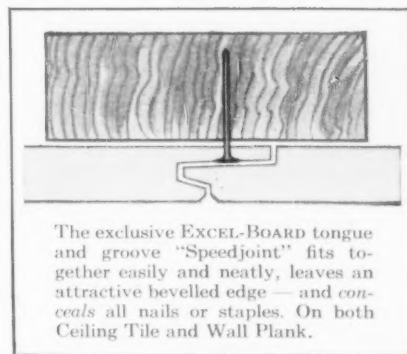
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\*The approximate cost of Excel-Board Perforated Ceiling Tile and Excel-Board Wall Plank for the 10' x 20' room illustrated above.



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## The magic world of Johnny Giordmaine

Continued from page 25

### A maid fainted, another screamed. All he had to do was explain away the rabbits in the bathtub

announced that he must hurry away to a parade and hauled out of his vest pocket an eight-foot pole with a flag on the top.

Afterward Sullivan told him, "I have seen better magicians, better comics and smaller performers but I have never seen one man combine the appeal of all these elements with such weird and wacky effect. As an Irishman I strongly suspect you of being a leprechaun."

Some other famous artists have noted the hint of demonology that Giordmaine injects into his fun and deception. Thurston, one of the world's greatest illusionists, gave him a note that read: "I like you. I like your act. And there is something special about your eyes."

Like other conjurers Giordmaine conceals the movements of his tricks by a form of patter and posture that is hypnotic. A simple example is provided when he turns his right side to an audience, raises his right hand dramatically, looks upward toward the hand and invites the audience to agree that it is empty. When he feels sure that the audience is staring at his right hand his left hand slips into his left pocket with the small bird that vanished in his preceding trick.

When playing before children Giordmaine likes to deceive them into thinking that he's made a clumsy mistake. He does a disappearing-nickel trick apparently so badly that one small boy invariably pipes up, "I saw you. You put it in your pocket." With a crestfallen expression Giordmaine then pulls out of his pocket a jumbo-sized nickel weighing half a pound.

Milbourne Christopher, the famous New York illusionist, who last May staged ninety minutes of wizardry on the prestige TV program Producers' Showcase, says that "as a children's magician Giordmaine is among the best in the world." With the small fry Giordmaine certainly shows exemplary patience. He says, for instance, that he is "sick and tired of pulling rabbits out of hats," but goes on doing it at kiddies' shows because "they insist." In about thirty years of magic he figures he's employed and retired more than two hundred rabbits.

Giordmaine once was asked by a boy why conjurers always use a rabbit. Why not a puppy, or a kitten, or a baby monkey? Giordmaine replied, "A puppy would bark and a kitten would mew and give the whole show away. And a monkey? Well, a monkey would steal my act."

Yet even the silent docile rabbit once got Giordmaine into hot water. He left three rabbits in his empty bathtub when he went down to dinner one night in a hotel at Fort Erie, Ont. When he returned to his room he found a chambermaid in a faint at his bathroom door. As he tried to revive her another chambermaid appeared and began to scream. A hostile crowd gathered on the landing. After long and delicate explanations Giordmaine was told by the management to keep his rabbits hidden. An hour later he was out on the hotel lawn cutting grass with a pair of nail scissors to provide his rabbits with some supper.

Whereupon he was questioned by a policeman who thought he was deranged.

Giordmaine knows he looks a little zany and capitalizes on it. When he is walking about downtown Toronto he is often a perambulating entertainment. Through appearing at so many functions he is widely known and constantly hailed with a "Hi, Johnny! How's tricks?" In response he will raise a silver-knobbed cane, which immediately vanishes from his hand or, if the day is windy enough for good effects, he'll tip his hat and release a fluttering swarm of paper butterflies.

Recently, in the elevators at Eaton's, Giordmaine carried out an experiment in misdirection, the magician's art of drawing an audience's attention to one point to cover up some action elsewhere. He twisted a bird call hidden in his pocket. The elevator operators, who were in on the gag, then said, "It's a chicken," or, "It's a bird." If they said, "It's a chicken," everybody in the car looked downward. If they said, "It's a bird," the passengers looked up. Giordmaine tried it scores of times and on every occasion the reaction of the passengers was identical.

### The horrible hands of Mr. Hyde

This was the only time he has ever played a joke involving Eaton's customers. Among the girls of the staff, however, he's regarded as a holy terror. On accepting from Giordmaine a tin of cookies they are apt, on opening the lid, to release a six-foot rubber snake. Giordmaine also uses the girls as guinea pigs to test the shock effect of repellent bits of imitation human anatomy which he sells at the Magic Counter. Recent developments in plastics have given these articles a crawly realism. Johnny will pop up behind the scenes of the lingerie department wearing a plastic bald scalp adorned with one of those highly inflated bumps that comic-strip characters develop after something has struck their craniums with a "wham." Or he suddenly will confront the counter clerks wearing a pair of pebble-eye glasses, a huge Roman nose, or a set of King Kong fangs. One of his latest stunners is a pair of appalling plastic gloves that provide the wearer with the sort of scrofulous, simian hands that Dr. Jekyll used to develop when he turned into Mr. Hyde.

Among Giordmaine's regular customers for these items or for the simple conjuring tricks he sells to amateurs, are doctors, lawyers, stockbrokers, a policeman, a wide assortment of small boys, and his boss, John David Eaton.

Giordmaine performs his tricks all day long in Eaton's, standing on a box behind his counter, and invariably surrounded by a small crowd. Once, when he was demonstrating how to get eggs out of an empty top hat, a man in his audience sneezed. The sneeze shot the man's false teeth into the top hat and Giordmaine, of course, made a production gag of it. The man was furious. "You did that on purpose," he raved. "I'll teach you to make a fool of me."

"I'll report you to the management." The management refused to share the man's conviction that Giordmaine can extract other people's false teeth with a magnetic glance.

The magician was born, fittingly, on the enchanted Mediterranean island of Malta, the British naval base. The Maltese are descended from the Phoenicians, the race that built Tyre, and are steeped in the jumbled myths of Greece, Rome, Babylon and Egypt. Giordmaine grew up speaking English with the accents of a native tongue that is a riotous confusion of Greek, Latin and Arabic, and a tongue in which many strange stories are told by swarthy old women in black calico.

Giordmaine was one of twelve children. His father was a government road-construction superintendent and well known as an amateur reciter. From his dad Giordmaine picked up the gift of the gab. His first job was in the telephone repair shop at the Royal Navy dockyards. While working at this he won a scholarship provided for "intelligent and worthy young men" by a wealthy Maltese named Papafly. The idea of the bursary was to enable the winner to emigrate to Canada.

Within two years the thrifty Giordmaine had bought himself a lot in Toronto's teeming west end and on it built a small frame cottage. He worked for his first nine years in Canada as an electrician at Swift Canadian Co. Ltd., a packing house. The first day he walked into the plant everybody laughed at his diminutive figure and curious accent.

Though at first the laughter was cruel it eventually became affectionate for Giordmaine had engaging ways and some of the qualities of the Pied Piper. Every week end a gang of young single men and women from Swift's knocked at his cottage door. They came to hear him "call fiends and spectres from the yawning deep." And Giordmaine did this with technical efficiency. He rigged up in the cottage a diabolical maze of mechanical and electrical equipment that produced ghastly climaxes to his spooky stories.

One story he used to tell illustrates the grotesquerie that swirled through his imagination. He said he met in Paris a wild-looking man in a long black cloak who inveigled him into an apartment high among the dormer windows and gargoyles of the Notre Dame district. While the man went out of the room to get him a drink Giordmaine said he saw a second man lying under the table.

"What's the matter with you?" Giordmaine asked.

"I am dead," said the prone one. "I've been dead for forty years. Our host killed me, as he will kill you if you remain here for long. And then you too will live forever in this apartment as a corpse."

At this point in his narrative Giordmaine pressed a button hidden under a rug and there were sounds of creaking doors and low moans from his concealed apparatus. By now, his audience was usually rigid.

Giordmaine went on to relate how he looked frantically for a means of escape but failed to find one, and how, to his horror, he saw his sinister host returning to the room with a goblet full of smoking liquid. The cadaver under the table, he said, vented a long piercing shriek. And the host, cackling horribly, forced the goblet to Giordmaine's lips.

"I felt the poison burning down my throat," said Giordmaine, "and I felt myself going . . . going . . . going . . ."

Then he pressed another hidden button. A cupboard door swung open slowly and out toppled, with an abominable crash, a human skeleton. This gave his guests an appetite for a reviving drink.

Giordmaine also conducted experiments in spirit rapping, ouija-board writing, and conversations with the departed, all of whom, by an odd coincidence, spoke with a chi-chi Maltese accent. His most effective communications from the beyond were obtained when he sat in the dark with his friends and asked their deceased relatives to write notes on a pad placed on the floor under the table. It was a long time before the guests found out that Giordmaine can write with a pencil stuck between his toes.

For a period he also told fortunes. One

night he turned up the ace of spades for a superstitious Irish girl and told her rashly that she would receive bad news from home. A week later she heard that her brother in Galway had been kicked to death by a donkey. She came to Giordmaine in tears and, in spite of his protestations that his fortune reading was phony, bitterly reviled him for not preventing the tragedy. After that Giordmaine cut out the blood-curdling stuff and stuck to comedy.

He bought many of his jokes from Joe Whitlam, a droll Yorkshireman who ran,

until its recent demolition, the Novelty Shop in the old Arcade off Yonge Street. During his two years with Whitlam he took the Tarbell course in magic and became so skilled that he was ordered into the store window to demonstrate the conjuring tricks that the Novelty Shop sold as a sideline. Such big crowds used to gather that frequently policemen trundled into the shop and told Giordmaine to desist.

In 1930 Eaton's invited Giordmaine to open a Magic Counter in its Toy Department. Here he has happily carried



## The Seagram Gold Cup

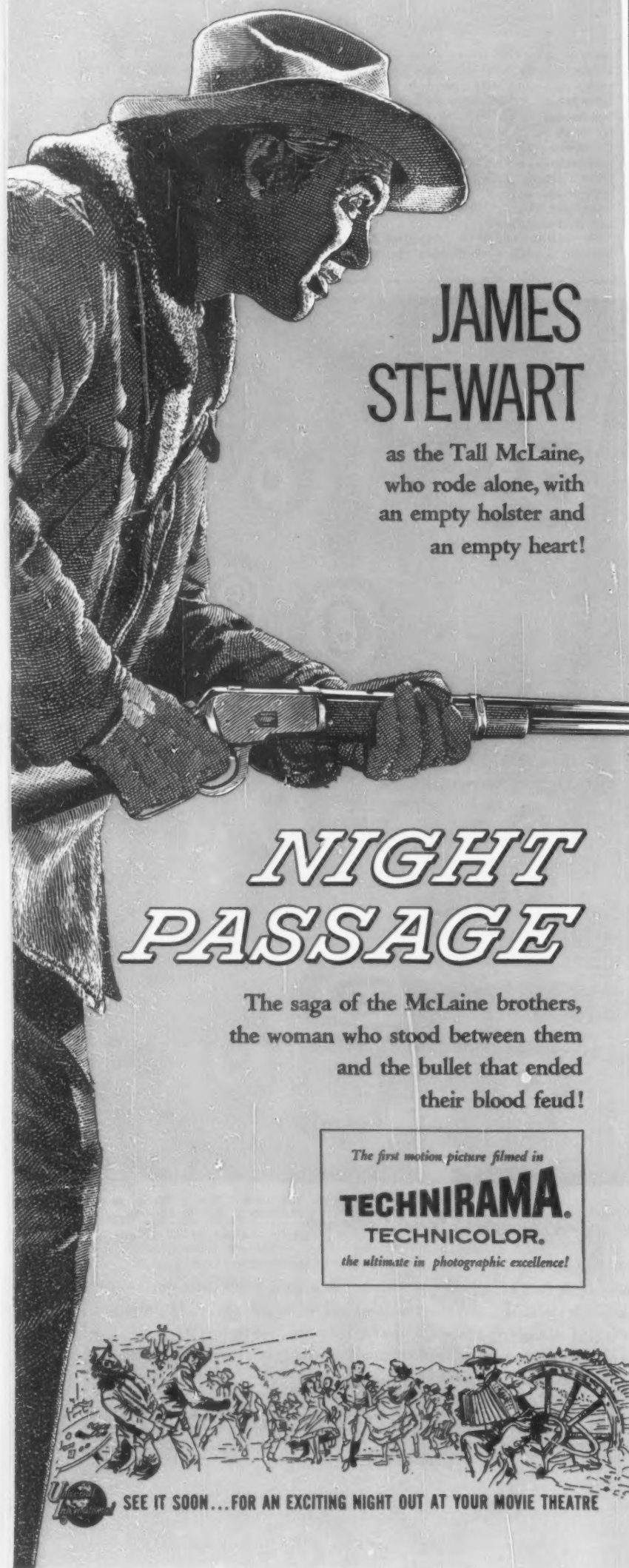
Again this year, The Royal Canadian Golf Association will present the Seagram Gold Cup to the winner of the Canadian Open Golf Championship. This famous trophy, which bears the names of some of the world's greatest golfers, will be competed for on July 10, 11, 12 and 13, at the colourful Westmount Golf & Country Club in Kitchener-Waterloo, Ontario—birthplace of The House of Seagram. In this, its 100th Anniversary year, The House of Seagram extends a hearty welcome to all spectators and competitors.



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an empty heart!

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on the Whitlam tradition ever since.

The practical jokes are easily sold but the conjuring tricks are a tricky trade indeed. "As soon as the customers find out how a trick is done," says Giordmaine, "they are disappointed. Many of them bring tricks back and demand a refund. They half expect something really miraculous and they are not prepared to put in the hours of practice and learn the mumbo-jumbo that is required to put over a simple deception."

"Most tricks are simple. It's not the equipment that counts so much as the way the magician uses his personality to suggest that he's done something out of this world. That's one reason why magicians never explain their tricks. They're not trying to protect themselves. You can find out how all of the classic illusions are done by buying a dozen books that are for sale. Magicians are secretive because they want to save the public from a let-down. Deep in their hearts the people don't want to know how a trick is done anyway. They want to go on being bamboozled."

If he wished, Giordmaine could bamboozle an audience for twenty-four hours on end. He has enough equipment for such a marathon in his Magic Den, in the basement of his six-room bungalow in North Toronto. In addition to the assortment of top hats, bird cages, candelabra, little tables, velvet cloths, flags, rubber balls, imitation chickens and dummy whisky bottles, there is one of the finest collections extant of Hoffman Magic. These nineteenth-century museum pieces consist of beautifully turned brass and silver cups designed for the production and vanishment of small articles like eggs and billiard balls, and are dear to the necromantic heart.

For Mrs. Giordmaine, whom Johnny

married in 1930, the collection holds no mystery. In years of dusting it she has learned all its secrets. In mild amusement she accompanies Giordmaine on all his frenetic travels and shares his pride in their only child, a son named Joseph, who is now studying for his master's degree in physics at Columbia University in New York.

The Giordmaines are devout Roman Catholics and this, in Johnny's opinion, should suffice to rid him of his reputation for wizardry. But people persist in believing him capable of sorcerous acts. About five years ago, after a performance in a hospital a very sick woman asked Giordmaine to lay his wand upon her. "Madam," he protested, "please, don't ask me to do that. My act is all a fake. If it weren't a fake it wouldn't be any fun."

But the woman insisted and because she was so ill Giordmaine complied. When he returned home he went down into the Magic Den, raised the wand into the air, and, with a flick, made it vanish. It collapsed, of course, into its own cunningly fashioned ferrule. Giordmaine has never used it since. It reposes on a shelf, looking rather like a small black thimble. There is about it, perhaps, a hint of the occult, but in reality it is just a simple bit of paper, wood and brass.

After examining it recently a writer took his leave of Giordmaine. When the two shook hands there was a sharp explosion. The writer left with a stinging palm and the nine remaining caps of a novelty item named Personality Plus. "Palm one of these little crackerjacks," said the instructions, "then take your friends by the hand. They'll never forget you." It is for such moments that Johnny Giordmaine is best remembered. ★



### My strange encounter with the diamond king

Continued from page 17

Big tough native policemen, Askaris, guarded the mine. Could anyone steal diamonds here?

mine. He didn't meet me at Nairobi in 1951 but his pilot, Peter Mansfield, an Englishman with a shaggy handlebar moustache, whisked me into Mwadui II, one of Williamson's twin-motor De-Havilland Doves. Mwadui I is a flying office.

We flew two hundred and eighty miles southwest. On the left rose stately Kilimanjaro, a nineteen-thousand-foot peak that later gave its name to a technicolor movie. On the right, toward Lake Victoria, lay a lush land green with mango trees and gaudy with the Chinese-red blossoms of "flamboyant" trees. Then the terrain leveled out, something like southern Saskatchewan, but with patches of thorn trees and lonely old baobab trees sometimes thirty feet thick and sixty feet tall.

Finally, on a great bare plateau, I landed at Mwadui—a fenced compound of about a hundred square miles. There were white-washed mud huts with thatched roofs for three thousand Africans, modern houses with servants' quarters for a few hundred Europeans and Asians, schools, a hospital, an outdoor theatre, a nine-hole sand golf course, an Asiatic clubhouse, and a European clubhouse with billiard room, bar, guest rooms and ice-cream parlor.

Still no Williamson. Mansfield ushered me to a guest room with an adjoining private dining room. A kitchen boy cooked my meals, a table boy waited on me, a bus boy cleaned up, and the rest of the time my houseboy, Mohamed, took over. Mohamed, a strapping Wasukuma tribesman in an ankle-length white robe and pill-box hat, brought tea at six a.m. and four p.m., made my bed in the morning and turned it down at night, and laundered my clothes spotlessly every day. We communicated mostly with grins, shouts and sign language.

On the first day Guy DuToit, a tall good-looking South African, Williamson's mill manager and later my regular golf partner, showed me around. It was hard to believe anyone could steal diamonds from Mwadui. The fence was patrolled and you needed a permit to enter the compound. I still have pink cardboard pass number 817, signed by security chief Percy Burgess, formerly of Scotland Yard.

Everywhere, I saw Williamson's askaris, big tough native policemen in khaki uniforms and red fezzes. At the mine pit they watched natives dredge what looked like ordinary gravel into trucks. They hovered around the mill where each ton of gravel was processed



MACLEAN'S

"He still thinks it's nothing but a bad dream."

down to about a hundred pounds of diamonds and other minerals.

In the sorting room *askaris* stood behind the natives who tediously sorted and sifted rough diamonds, inside wire-cage cubicles. Each picker had one arm sewn up in a sleeve of his white smock, leaving him less chance to pilfer. After work they were stripped, hosed down and their mouths searched for diamonds.

Because of these precautions and Williamson's fair treatment of his natives there was less pilfering at Mwadui than at most mines. But it's difficult for a worker to stay honest when he can swallow a pebble worth maybe five thousand dollars.

The next day Dick Bird, a veteran of the Palestine police force and at that time security officer in charge of Williamson's sorting room, watched curiously and skeptically as I began my tests. Secretly, I was a bit skeptical too. We'd separated many strange things in our time but never diamonds. But it turned out I needed only two of my four test machines.

A simple motor-driven screen separator divided the lumps of concentrate into three sizes. Then a second machine sorted each size into its components—barite, ilmenite, garnet, manganese, and, of course, diamonds—by their specific gravity. The system didn't work flawlessly that first day, but I knew that in time I'd have it doing everything they wanted.

I still hadn't met my host. But on the third evening, in the bar, someone touched my arm and said, "Have you met the doctor yet?" I looked around absently at a diffident dark-moustached man of about forty-three, in khaki slacks and open-necked shirt. Probably the camp physician. I said, "Hi Doc," started to turn away, then with sudden recognition, "You're Doc Williamson!"

"Hi Kipp," grinned Williamson. "Where's Kelly?" This became a standing joke with us; there's no longer a Kelly in my company.

"How's the separator?" Williamson asked. But his conversation soon showed that he already knew everything that was happening in the testing room. Later, he dropped in on the tests occasionally, saying little and seeing everything.

I liked the Doc but never really got to know him. He has little time for small talk and adeptly parries questions with jokes. He appeared sometimes at the clubhouse bar with his "Hi Kipp, where's Kelly?" Usually I retaliated with a few bars of Remember the Red River Valley. Williamson loathes the song. Once he carelessly told a reporter it was

his favorite. The story was circulated and diamond-lovers everywhere shipped him Red River Valley recordings.

Among other things, I found out that he dresses simply, ships gems to England in flat cigarette tins, stores them at Mwadui in empty candy jars and lives alone in a tile-roof frame bungalow hidden in trees. Once when I was dining at the home of one of his employees, Williamson happened along on an errand, chatted pleasantly but wouldn't stay for the meal.

He had antique furniture from England (including a fine old desk), a handsome dining-room silver set and some Canadian wildfowl paintings. But I saw only one luxury item: a bedside teak-maker that automatically boiled water, steeped tea, then set off an alarm at Williamson's elbow every morning.

If Williamson wasn't quite what I expected a diamond king should be, everything else in Africa was up to par: exotic sights, tastes and sounds. The days were dry and pleasant, averaging seventy degrees. Because Mwadui is only about three hundred miles from the equator, the sun rose without preamble and set like a stone. Many a golf game ended in sudden darkness.

Sometimes I strolled through the native village, drums softly thumping, families around thatched huts grinding corn with long-handled wooden mortar and pestle as their ancestors did, barefoot men, beaded women. I've never seen happier children. Swahili mothers constantly cuddle and carry their babies with them.

One night I attended a party in the Asian section. The Indians loved their food and drink. One of them reportedly brought his houseboy and a wheelbarrow to all parties, in case he wasn't able to walk home. On this occasion, they served dozens of Indian dishes but I particularly remember a pastry filled with red and green peppers. It tasted like live coals. I soothed my burning tongue with cool beer and from then on stayed with the comparatively mild curried chicken.

Another time I visited the market at Mwanza, ninety miles north of Mwadui. Here was a crosscut of Africa—strange lilting dialects, gaudy red, blue or gold garments, glossy-haired Indians, kinky-haired Swahilis, bearded Arabs and little tin-roofed shops where merchants machine-stitched garments while you waited. Fruit, nuts (sold by the handful) and corn-in-the-ear lay spread over lengths of canvas on the ground. Merchants and shoppers haggled intently, although you could buy anything for a few East Afri-

## AUDIE MURPHY

as the Quiet McLaine,  
who rode with Violence  
and lived by the law  
of the loaded gun!



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DIANNE FOSTER  
ELAINE STEWART  
AND BRANDON deWILDE

AS "JOEY"

with JAY C. FLIPPEN



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can cents, worth about a fifth of the Canadian cent. For my family I bought a zebra-skin purse, giraffe-tail bracelet and bolts of cloth stamped with Swahili phrases.

One Sunday afternoon DuToit guided me off Williamson property to the natives' weekly snake dance. They congregated from miles around. Each arriving group was distinctively marked: maybe all wearing cheap sunglasses, all carrying white tennis shoes (which they donned after they arrived) or all toting tin whistles that they blew shrilly during a

ragged march around the dance ground.

Three drums suddenly throbbed. Two wild-eyed natives worked themselves into a frenzy with capers and back flips, then released a venomous snake. The crowd hooted and pranced. The dancers cavorted. The snake darted for the crowd, which broke up, screaming. At the last minute a snake dancer grabbed the reptile by the tail, hauled it back into line and repeated the performance.

DuToit and I stayed well out of snake-range but the crowd, especially the dancers, eyed us strangely. They obviously

resented our presence and my camera. DuToit said quietly, "We'd better move along."

That night, as every Sunday, Williamson's natives held a European-style dance on the compound with a crude jazz orchestra and jitterbug steps. I couldn't persuade anyone to take me to the dance but I bought a picture of the Pomby (beer) Queen who was in charge of making homebrew for the event.

Back home the girls were showing their friends my postcards, taking a sudden interest in African geography and

every day wondering what new adventure Daddy was into.

But, mostly, I did the same old things: rose at six a.m., shook my shoes for scorpions (one morning a scorpion did tumble out but I wasn't stung; it ran one way, I ran the other), and ran my fingers through diamonds for the rest of the day.

I had a key to the sorting room and sometimes sat alone with enough gems to keep me for life. Once I ribbed Percy Burgess, the security chief, "You've never searched me. I think I'll take a suitcase of stones out of here."

"Ah, but we could search you," he said cheerfully. "Anyway, they'd eventually show up and be recognized on the diamond market. And did you know there's an automatic ten-year prison term for diamond theft in Tanganyika?"

In six weeks I perfected the separation process. By recirculating diamond concentrate for several hours I could reduce a half-ton to a pan of nearly pure stones. The separator recovered every diamond. Once Williamson offered each native three shillings for any stones the machine had missed. They found none. Another day I added 173 diamonds to a pile of tailings left over from hand-sorting. The separator returned 182—the hand-pickers had missed nine.

On the day before my departure Williamson invited me to his bungalow for some imported German beer. It was a rare opportunity to get acquainted with him but the Doc gave away no secrets.

"Why don't you get married?" I asked once.

"Mining is my only interest," he grinned.

I tried to interest him in donating to the Royal Winnipeg Ballet, but again, "Mining is my only interest."

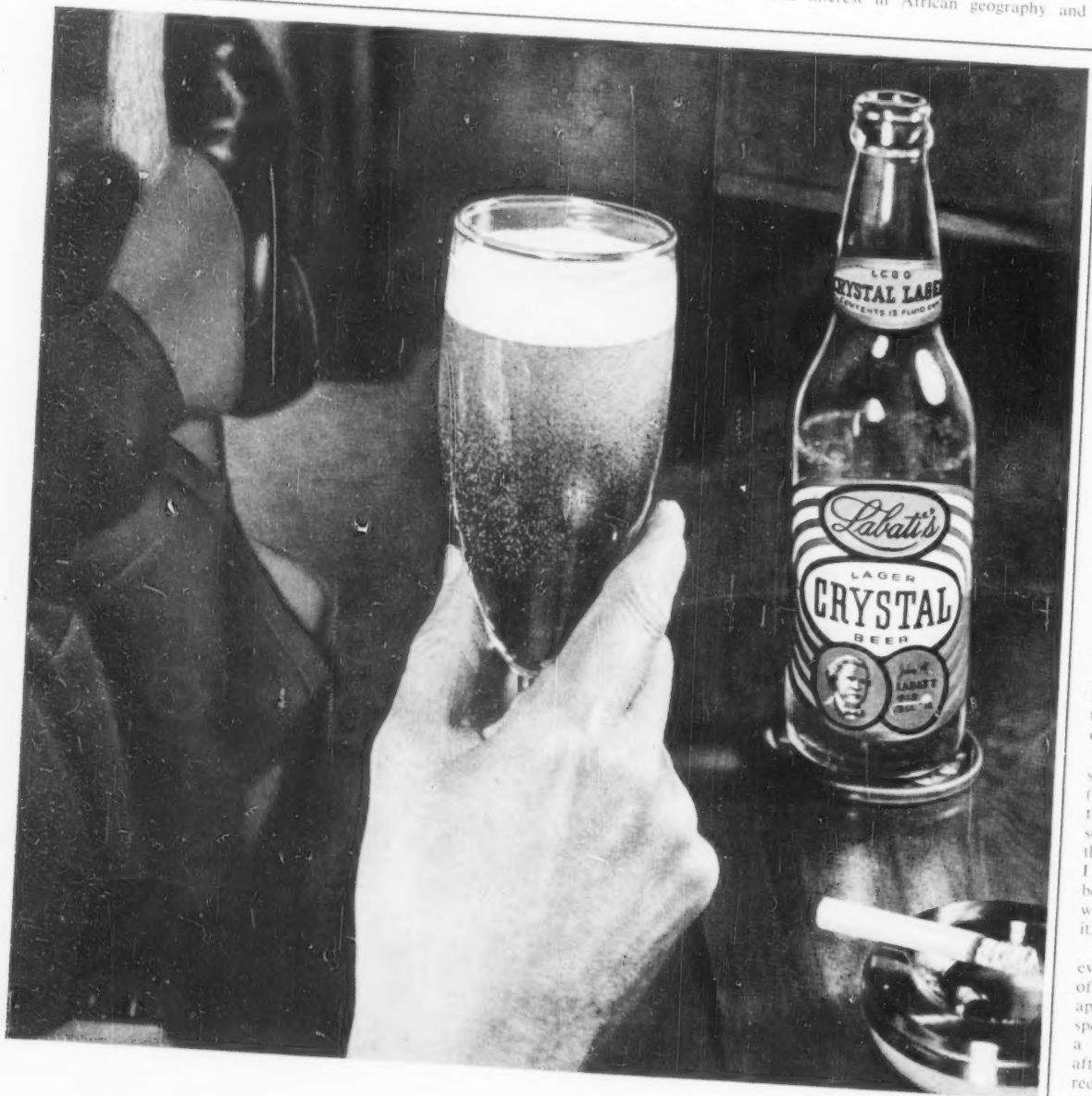
We parted for dinner and I began packing for the dawn flight to Nairobi. A boy brought a message, "Doctor Williamson would like you to join him in the club." There the Doc toasted me all over again in excellent Scotch.

Back in Winnipeg we built a gravity separator and electrostatic separator (which separates materials according to their electrical conductivity) for Williamson. He invited me back at his expense the next year, to see them in operation. I saw no more of him on that trip than before, but I did go on a safari. It wasn't quite as the travel folders describe it.

The boys at the clubhouse spent one evening scaring hell out of me with tales of how a charging rhinoceros can tear apart a truck and how, if an elephant spots you, the safest move is straight up a baobab tree. We drove out the next afternoon, following a rough track scarred with deep wet gullies. Night fell. At an Arab village, full of white-cloaked figures sipping coffee around flickering fires, we asked directions of a character straight out of Beau Geste: finely chiseled features, short beard, voice low and soft as molasses.

Then we got stuck in a gully, hired a busload of natives to push us out (to the chant of "Aajah, Oombah, Allaa, OOMPH"), wore out our brakes, broke the differential, were hounded by tsetse flies and mosquitoes, hired a tow and sheepishly returned to the mine. On this safari I saw only two kinds of wildlife: a lorry-full of tipsy Indian boys and a tiny weaver bird entering its basket-shaped nest.

So I bought my trophies—a zebra-skin drum, an exquisite ebony carving, a bow with poison-tipped arrows—and went home. In time people stopped asking "How many diamonds did you bring back?" ★



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Where Canada stands in the world crisis continued from page 14

**"We can't keep in step with Britain and the U. S. if they don't keep in step"**

Great Britain and France voted more or less the same way at the United Nations. We had no large problem there, but we have a large problem now. We, at last, have got to have a certain independence.

**PEARSON:** Yes, that is true—a certain independence. Unfortunately perhaps but inevitably, no country has independence in foreign policies these days, not even the United States. What I think you are suggesting is that, as the facts of American power become more obvious, we should be careful not to yield too easily to those facts and be very, very careful that American power is being used in the right way and try to influence it in the right direction. I think we tried to do that last autumn at the United Nations. We worked as hard as we possibly could with the Americans to get their support for a resolution which would lay down in detail specifically the arrangements we should follow for the withdrawal of foreign troops and Israeli troops from Egypt. We weren't successful. But we did our best to modify their attitude. We also told them, and in no uncertain terms, that if they supported a resolution of sanctions against Israel, we would have to break with them because we would not support it in those circumstances. I think we modified their approach.

**SHAPIRO:** Our policy was described the other day as "schizophrenic"—and it was a natural description; it was not said in derogation at all. We apparently agreed with the United States on the morality and the unwisdom of the Anglo-French action at Suez. We also agreed with France and Britain on the fact that there were great provocations. So out of this schizophrenia, we devised the United Nations' Emergency Force. We were torn between both sides.

**PEARSON:** Yes. And when we are torn between both sides we instinctively try to find some kind of a solution on which the British and Americans can agree. As I have often put it, we have to keep in step even though we are standing on our own feet. We have to keep in step with these two people, and we can't do that if they don't keep in step with each other.

**FRASER:** How far do we go in the Middle East? You said that we wouldn't have supported the Americans if they had wanted to impose sanctions against Israel last fall. Would we support Americans in maintaining, by force if necessary, the freedom of innocent passage in the Gulf of Aqaba and the Strait of Tiran? And how far do we go in supporting Israel's right to use the Suez Canal?

**PEARSON:** We have gone, I think, a little farther than most in our statements in support of innocent passage in the Gulf of Aqaba and in the Canal. But I wouldn't try to read any particular virtue in that, because it is a good illustration of the fact that a smaller power can sometimes make more virtuous statements than a great power, which has the greater responsibility in implementing its statements. You see, the United States has to keep in mind whenever it makes a statement, not only its world interest but its responsibilities before the world for carrying out its policy. We haven't that to the same extent because we are not a major determinant in the implementation of policy. Now, I am not going to depreciate our own sense of responsibility because I think Canada, by and

large over the years, has done its part, but its part is not a primary part. When I say that we have gone a little farther in emphasizing the freedom of passage in these two waterways, perhaps that may

be due, in part, to the fact that if it all goes wrong, it will be the United States which will have to bear the main burden of putting it right.

**FRASER:** Lionel and I have both been

in Israel since this trouble. We both came away with the feeling that the Israeli know they won't really be able to use the Suez Canal. They won't admit that they haven't got a perfect right to do so,



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and they'll demand the highest possible alternative concessions in return for even a *de facto* agreement not to do so. Nevertheless, they know perfectly well they are not going to be able to use Suez, and they won't fight on that issue . . . But, they gave us both to understand, very emphatically, that they would fight for the use of their southern port. They've simply got to burst out of that port. Now, if they fight, is it Canada's view that they would be justified in doing so?

**PEARSON:** We have said, as others have said, that there is a right of innocent pas-

sage through these straits. Now, what do you do when you assert a right and that right is challenged by somebody else? Do you go to war or do you try to get a judgment of an international tribunal or an international assembly? I would hope that if the Israelis' right was challenged they would try to get a verdict of an appropriate international agency confirming their right. Then, they would have a far better case for defending that right by force.

**FRASER:** But, supposing they got an adverse ruling from a court which has not

quite the status of the Privy Council or the Supreme Court of Canada and is administering a body of law which is not really a body of law at all but a group of rather ill-defined precedents?

**PEARSON:** Well, then we go back to the old days. When a nation considered its vital interests were affected and it couldn't get a legal redress, it resorted to force.

**SHAPIRO:** Don't nations still do that? Isn't that still the rule and the law?

**PEARSON:** Yes, that is quite true. It is. **FRASER:** If there were a ruling against

the United States in the Panama Canal it would have no effect whatever. If there is a ruling against Israel in the Gulf of Aqaba and the Strait of Tiran, I doubt that the Israeli would accept it.

**PEARSON:** I think you are right. I think if there was that kind of ruling in Panama the United States would never accept it. But there is not likely to be that dilemma. And can you use it as a reason why the Israeli should use force at once because in a similar situation somebody else would use force?

**FRASER:** I don't want to build this up into a pyramid of hypotheses. But the hypotheses are all pretty close and are not farfetched. We are assured the Israeli would fight to keep that gulf open. If they do, do you think this would be another case of aggression?

**PEARSON:** No, I don't think it would be unprovoked aggression if they used force for that purpose. But I would hope that that wouldn't happen — and it needn't happen. If this right is established, why shouldn't the United Nations keep those straits open? We've got a UN Force on land — why shouldn't we have a UN Force on the water?

**FRASER:** But, if the UN Force can only remain on land with the consent of the sovereign power whose soil it is, presumably the same thing applies to territorial waters.

**PEARSON:** Not at all. We don't admit that any single state has jurisdiction over these territorial waters. If that were the case, the Israeli wouldn't have the right to use them.

**FRASER:** You don't admit that the Strait of Tiran is the territorial water of either Egypt or Saudi Arabia?

**PEARSON:** Yes, I think they would be territorial waters, in the technical, international-law meaning. But there is also the right of innocent passage through territorial waters and, if it were necessary for the United Nations to enforce that right by United Nations forces, they wouldn't have to go to anybody for permission.

**FRASER:** So you feel that this is a right which could be enforced, if necessary, by the United Nations?

**PEARSON:** I think so. It is a little different on land because Egypt certainly has sovereign right over its territory. If an international body is going to operate on Egyptian territory, I think you have to get Egyptian consent.

**FRASER:** Do you think that a UN decision to uphold this admitted and generally accepted right could be got through a United Nations Assembly heavily dominated by the Afro-Asian Bloc?

**PEARSON:** Perhaps not. But that is no reason why we shouldn't try, and if we tried and failed . . . if we got, say, fifty-five percent, not necessarily two thirds, wouldn't that put Israel in a much stronger position to exert force herself?

**SHAPIRO:** On the night of November 1 you very specifically said, "What happens six months from now?" Well, the six months have practically passed now . . . the sense of urgency is gone in the United Nations . . . The same pressures are building up again. In view of your stand last November, which you confirmed last January, what do you propose to do about it?

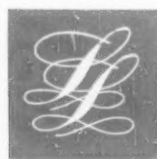
**PEARSON:** We haven't been able to do very much about it yet, as you know. But, the situation in regard to two or three points is better than it was on the eve of the military explosion. The border is calmer than it was. The Gulf of Aqaba is open at the moment, and that is a change for the better. We are still haggling over Suez. As far as the rights of belligerency are concerned, there has been no development there that leads



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one to any optimistic conclusion, but there has been far more talk, if talk is important, about the absolute necessity for abandoning belligerency on both sides. And then there is the final point . . . we have done nothing about the refugees. There hasn't been any progress made there, and I've been wondering about that, whether the time hasn't come when we should have a full-dress, formal international conference on one subject only . . . the liquidation of the refugee problem, not only in the Middle East, but in other parts of the world. That would just be another conference, and you know I'm not, after fifteen or twenty years of this sort of thing, liable to have too many illusions as to the immediate results from conferences. But we have never tackled this refugee problem as a whole at a special conference of this kind. I don't think even a conference, however, would produce much in the way of immediate results as long as the political atmosphere is so poisoned and bitter as it is.

**SHAPIRO:** My point is that despite the fact that UNEF is there all these things are still building up in bitterness all the time. I'm afraid there is going to be a larger explosion than ever unless we regain the same sense of urgency we had, and I am just wondering how you feel we can regain this sense of urgency.

**PEARSON:** I am just as frightened as you are, and you will recall that we were really most insistent about this last autumn; if we didn't do something while we were frightened to death, once the fear was removed the urgency would also be removed. That is our danger. But I think some of us are still pretty frightened.

**SHAPIRO:** Have you thought of trying to rake up the sense of urgency again by at least the suggestion from Canada that unless the United Nations tries to do something, we will withdraw from the United Nations forces?

**PEARSON:** The only thing we have done in that respect is to make it very clear to Egypt, and to Israel . . . no, particularly to Egypt . . . that if the United Nations Emergency Force doesn't receive the constructive co-operation of the Egyptian government and is not permitted to operate as it should operate under the Assembly resolutions, we wouldn't continue to participate. And if we didn't participate it would be pretty hard for the force to operate, and if the force broke up it would leave the Egyptians and Israeli face to face again, and I don't think they want that in Cairo. Now, we haven't got beyond that. We haven't said that if you don't call an Assembly, if you don't do something about these things, we'll pull out of the Force . . . I don't think the time has come to take that stand.

**SHAPIRO:** Do you think saying this to Egypt and to Israel is as effective as saying this to the United Nations?

**PEARSON:** No, perhaps not. But immediately it was more important to say it to Egypt. The time is coming when we'll be having a United Nations Assembly and this is going to be the number-one subject on the agenda; and we may have an emergency meeting long before September.

**FRASER:** We started out by talking about Canada's attitude toward Anglo-American differences, and this is another Anglo-American difference, isn't it? The British are saying now, and have been saying for the last six months, that the Americans are unrealistically and foolishly passing the buck to the United Nations. The British say that when the Americans say this is a matter for the United Nations to settle, they are really just making an ineffectual attempt to ab-

dicate power which they alone can wield, or which at any rate the great powers alone can wield. They're saying that the United Nations, being in essence merely a debating society, is just too soft to be the cornerstone of anybody's foreign policy. Without suggesting that I accept this view, could I ask for your comment on it?

**PEARSON:** I have heard a good deal about that, and we talked about it in Bermuda. It seems to me that both the British and the Americans are influenced in their attitude to this particular problem

by their experiences of the last six months. The United Kingdom didn't have a very happy experience with the United Nations Assembly, to say the least. You would expect them to have a certain feeling of disillusionment and disappointment about the United Nations because of that experience. The United States, on the other hand, found that the United Nations was a most valuable and important international agency to use for this emergency and perhaps as an escape from some of the urgency for immediate national decisions. They think the United

Nations, for that reason, is a most important and valuable organization. Now, being a Canadian, I naturally find myself halfway between these views. I think it is folly to use the United Nations as an escape for making national decisions. But I think it is equal folly to say that the United Nations Assembly is now under the control of a lot of Asians and Arabs with no sense of responsibility and we must extricate ourselves from it. What we need at the United Nations Assembly is a restoration of Anglo-American leadership, and that means



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unity between the two governments. Things broke down last autumn in the United Nations largely because the British and Americans weren't working together. That division reflected itself in other delegations, too.

**SHAPIRO:** The reason why the British and the Americans didn't work together—isn't this as a result of a change in power relationships? Didn't the British feel, during the last summer, especially since the seizure of the Suez Canal, that America was now taking a new tack in international relationships, that its British and French allies had become regional allies rather than world partners in the old sense?

**PEARSON:** I think that that had something to do with it. I think there was a growing feeling in London and Paris last autumn that United States policy was wavering and inconsistent and wasn't taking enough into consideration the needs and the interests of the Western European countries. But the immediate cause of the breakdown was the action that the United Kingdom and France took and which got very little support at the United Nations. It was British and French action in that sense that brought about the immediate collapse of co-operation. But, that had been building up, as you say, over the months.

**FRASER:** Getting back to the Middle East for one question, though. What is your view of the status of UNEF in Egypt right now? Must it get out whenever Nasser wants it to?

**PEARSON:** I would say no. And we've made this position of ours as clear as we could in parliament here, to the Committee of Seven of which I am a member—sort of the Executive Committee of UNEF—and to the Assembly itself. We feel that Egypt had the right to be consulted and to agree to the entry of an international force, but having given that consent as she did, she has no right to control the Force, to order it about, to tell the Force when it shall leave. If Egypt is dissatisfied with the operation of the Force, or if anybody else is dissatisfied, or if Egypt wants the Force to withdraw, feels its work is completed, Egypt should make its views known to the Secretary-General who would take it up with the Committee of Seven and then it would go to the full Assembly, and until the Assembly had decided the Force would carry on.

**FRASER:** Do I understand you correctly to say that if President Nasser tomorrow decided he didn't want the Force in Egypt any longer that the Force would not leave within a reasonable period?

**PEARSON:** You put the question in very difficult practical terms. The position I stated is, I think, theoretically sound. But there are several governments participating in the Force... who don't accept our position and say that anytime Nasser wants them to leave they'll go... India particularly. So it's a difficult question.

**FRASER:** The practical answer then is that the Force must get out when Nasser decides it must.

**PEARSON:** I'm afraid that having regard to the views of some of the members of the Force and having regard for the practical difficulty of the position, the Force couldn't operate constructively on Egyptian territory with the active opposition of the government of Egypt. But, it is one thing to say that, and another to admit the right of Egypt to take that position.

**FRASER:** On the other hand, you do feel that right now President Nasser would not like to see the Force go.

**PEARSON:** Oh, I don't think so.

**FRASER:** Well, doesn't that give us a bargaining position?

**PEARSON:** Yes, it does.

**FRASER:** On that point, isn't it a fact that a few weeks ago Nasser was calmed down a good deal in his soundings-off by the Canadian hint, which I think came from you... that if...

**PEARSON:** It wasn't a hint... it was a very forthright statement!

**FRASER:**... that we jolly well would get out if he didn't behave himself?

**PEARSON:** We made that statement the day Hammarskjöld arrived in Cairo.

**FRASER:** And that made him behave himself.

**SHAPIRO:** Doesn't it remain, then, the fact that time is running out on us? I mean, our bargaining position, which is probably the last one we will have, is running out?

**PEARSON:** Yes. Our bargaining position will decrease as time goes on, perhaps. But, look... let me ask you a question. You are asking me all these questions about Canadian policy and what we think about these things and whether we can do this and whether we can do that... can we influence Nasser and influence somebody else... You said a few mo-



ments ago that we didn't have a policy... that Canada had no policy in the world... How is it that you're so interested in all these things that we're doing so far away from Canada in a part of the world where we have no immediate and direct material interests?

**FRASER:** I didn't say Canada didn't have a policy. I know very well Canada has got a policy, but I did say correctly that this is the thing that is thrown up in political debates on the subject.

**PEARSON:** But this is a very good illustration that we do accept international responsibilities as part of Canadian foreign policy.

**FRASER:** Before we leave this question of the UN, I'd like to have your answer to the question a little more broadly. Do you think it was the United Nations' vote, and not just the American pressure and the Russian threat, that brought the cease-fire in Egypt?

**PEARSON:** There may have been other considerations. Perhaps the things you have mentioned were very important, but they couldn't have been worked out if the United Nations hadn't been there, an international organization, to step in.

**FRASER:** You mean as a system of communications.

**PEARSON:** As a system of international political communication, as machinery for the solution of disputes and as a forum for the expression of world opinions.

**FRASER:** What about the previous record of United Nations? Can you think of some other example in which the United Nations has performed a real as distinct from a verbal role?

**PEARSON:** Yes, indeed I can. I am now talking only about the political side of it. On the technical and social . . . that's something else. On the political side, in the very first year of the United Nations, if it had not been there it might have been far more difficult to get the Russians out of Azerbaijan (Iran); it might have been much more difficult to bring about Indonesian independence, in circumstances which would not have resulted in a long-drawn-out conflict. They had something to do with the armistice in Kashmir — stopping the fighting and observing the armistice—and also in Palestine and Korea, if you like to talk about that . . .

**FRASER:** Yes, very much so, as a matter of fact. The absence of Russia from the Security Council was the accidental circumstance that made the Korean exercise possible as the United Nations.

**PEARSON:** Quite. But there was an international agency there to take advantage of that accident.

**SHAPIRO:** Last November 1 and 2, the United Nations General Assembly extended debate on the issue. Suppose the Anglo-French action had gone through to a military success. It would be interesting to hear you speculate on what the results would have been.

**PEARSON:** Well, I'll be glad to speculate on that because speculation is an interesting intellectual pastime, sometimes an interesting political pastime. My view—and historians will be arguing about this a hundred years from now, if there are any people left on the planet—my view is that if the fighting had gone on, if the British and the French military intervention had continued, they would have had no difficulty, of course, in bringing about military victory. That would have been simple, but they would not have been able to keep control of the Canal without controlling and occupying the whole of Egypt. Earlier the U. K. found it well nigh impossible to control and operate the Canal from their military base on the Canal when the local population were bitterly hostile to them. This would have meant that Great Britain, which is having a pretty hard time economically and financially discharging its present responsibilities, would have had the occupation of Egypt on its hands. That is one result. Another result would have been, I think, the deep and bitter and prolonged hostility of the whole Arab-Asian world. They wouldn't have fought, but they would never have accepted that position. They would have been so bitter and hostile that some of the Arab states would have been tempted to call in Russian help. As Sir Winston Churchill once said: when you are really up against it you'll accept help from the devil; and the Arab world would have been up against it then. Now, that's two results. I will give you the others. I think the strains and stresses on Asian members of the Commonwealth would have been so great that they would not have been able to withstand them. That's the third result. And then, the fourth result would have been an even greater breach between Washington and London than that which actually existed.

**FRASER:** If the Israeli had been left alone to beat Nasser singlehanded, as they could easily have done, then what would have been the effect?

**PEARSON:** The answer given to me by top people in London to that question was that if the Israeli had been allowed to fight alone the bitterness of the Arab

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world toward Israel would have been so much greater than the bitterness which was aimed against Britain and France that there would have been no question that other Arab states would have invited the Russians in quickly.

**FRASER:** I would like to get back to our starting point—the extent to which Canada needlessly follows the example of the United States of America. There is an outstanding example, one which has been outstanding for eight years or nearly, where the Canadian government adopts a policy which it does not pretend to agree with, which it doesn't defend intellectually, holds for one reason and one reason only, that is to abandon it would displease certain American senators and voters—and that is the recognition of China.

**PEARSON:** Well, I don't accept that clear-cut and simple interpretation. I accept a certain amount of it.

**FRASER:** Seriously speaking, though, this is a position we wouldn't take if it were not for the United States' position.

**PEARSON:** All right, if you accept that. But it is also true that the Far East reflects the Canadian anxiety in foreign policy to work along with both the British and the Americans. And here again we found ourselves halfway between, and by being halfway between we may have done something to bring the two wings closer together... We play centre on this line.

**FRASER:** There's an awful hole in the centre, then!

**PEARSON:** And it's the first line, too. Let me try to explain that. We have not recognized Red China and the British have. Perhaps they wouldn't have if they had waited another six months, because they would have been in the Korean War; but they did and we didn't. So the Korean War had something to do with the determination of policy and dogged that situation for many years afterward. While we have not recognized Communist China, we have not gone along with American policy in the Far East in many of its manifestations, especially over the off-shore islands. We have told the Americans openly that if they get into trouble out there by coming to the assistance of Chiang Kai-shek, if his off-shore islands are attacked, they can't count on us because that's a civil war and we take no part in it. So that isn't following American policy. We have also said that if the Reds attack Formosa that's a matter to go before the United Nations. And that isn't American policy. We haven't recognized Communist China and therefore that isn't following the British line. We have been sort of halfway between. One reason why we have not recognized Communist China comes from a calculated weighing of advantages and disadvantages from recognition. I am not talking about the moral aspect, but about the practical aspect—the advantages from recognition against the disadvantages of having a first-class row with the United States over a matter on which public opinion in our own country is strongly divided. And don't you think opinion in Canada isn't. You should see my mail!

**FRASER:** How seriously divided?

**PEARSON:** I don't know, but a large section of opinion in some parts of Canada is strongly opposed to the recognition of Red China.

**FRASER:** On what grounds?

**PEARSON:** That we shouldn't do anything to encourage Communist rule in Asia and that recognition of Red China

would be a blow to the free Asian countries who are trying to stand up to communism. It would be a desertion of those countries by giving further encouragement to the Red regime in Peking.

**FRASER:** But the free Asian nations that are trying to stand up to communism have recognized Red China—the only ones that amount to anything.

**PEARSON:** That's right, substantially.

**FRASER:** The only ones that haven't recognized Red China are American pensioners who are recognizing Chiang Kai-shek for the same reason that we are: that they don't want to annoy the Americans.

**PEARSON:** No. That's not the only reason.

**FRASER:** Well, it's the biggest.

**PEARSON:** You forget that there are some people who feel very strongly about the iniquities and the moral evil of this government in Peking. They don't want to have anything to do with it.

**FRASER:** Well, there are iniquities and moral evils in several governments, including those in Madrid, Buenos Aires... Yemen, and quite a number of others that we recognize. This is not a valid reason for ignoring six hundred million people.

**PEARSON:** I'll not carry the argument any further.

**SHAPIRO:** Then let me take it on a slightly different tack. When it comes to American policy we can't afford, obviously, to go diametrically opposite. How vulnerable are we in Canada to insistence by the United States on a certain amount of collaboration? To give you a very practical example: if we don't get a satisfactory reply to our note on Mr. Norman, what can we do about it?

**PEARSON:** Well, we're vulnerable in more ways than one. We're vulnerable because we want to co-operate with them, and we're willing to make some sacrifices to co-operate with them, even some sacrifice of national interest, and so should other countries, because without the United States we're vulnerable before Communist imperialism in a military sense. So we have to take that into consideration when we differ with the United States. The price of disunity is high. Any weakening of the coalition is serious. The Russians fear our unity more, almost, than they do our strength.

**SHAPIRO:** We're vulnerable economical-

ly. Isn't that so?

**PEARSON:** We're vulnerable economically, we're vulnerable geographically, we're vulnerable strategically because our defenses are interlocked, and we're vulnerable in other ways because we're so close together in so many ways.

**SHAPIRO:** Are we absolutely helpless?

**PEARSON:** No, we're not helpless. And I would expect any Canadian government, if an important question of principle were involved or one of strong national interest, on which we differed with the United States, to stick to its Canadian guns.

**FRASER:** Actually, can it not be argued just as plausibly that Canada is not only no more vulnerable than any other member of the North Atlantic community, but is the least vulnerable of the fourteen?

**PEARSON:** No, I wouldn't agree with that.

**FRASER:** We are the only country that is not on the American payroll.

**PEARSON:** No. True, we're not on the American payroll. But we're vulnerable geographically. Our relationship is much closer and it would be very hard indeed for us to cut these relations if we wished to. I have been getting communications recently, saying why don't we break away from the Americans and have nothing further to do with them. How could we do that without exposing ourselves?

**FRASER:** To what?

**PEARSON:** Either to a complete withdrawal of the United States from Canada strategically and economically, or exposing ourselves to American pressures which wouldn't be as friendly as they certainly have been in the past.

**FRASER:** Well, now, I am not suggesting that anything has come up between the two countries to warrant such action, but isn't it true that Mexico did exactly that in the 1930s?

**PEARSON:** Mexico is not so important to the United States or the United States to Mexico as Canada and the United States are to each other.

**FRASER:** It was then. It was Mexico, not Canada, that was supposed to contain the big oil reserves.

**PEARSON:** I wasn't thinking about that. That had something to do with it, the depletion of resources in the United States and the development of resources in Canada for export to the United States, but there are other considerations. Especially



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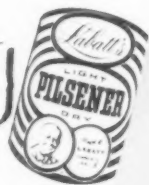
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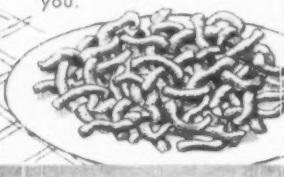
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"Far from stabbing the British in the back last autumn... we really tried to get closer to them"

the strategic considerations.

**FRASER:** The economic considerations are absolutely tremendous. The United States may depend on us a good deal for raw materials, but...

**PEARSON:** We depend on them for sixty-two percent of our exports.

**FRASER:** Yes, but they are sixty-two percent of our exports which, in the main at least, they need very badly. I will admit there are alternative sources of supply, but this is the thing on which six of one equals half a dozen of the other most of the time. I don't see why this should put Canada in a position of chronic deference.

**PEARSON:** Who wants to be in a position of chronic deference? Have you talked to the people in the State Department? Have you talked to the members of the National Press Club in Washington? Will they agree with you that Canada is chronically deferential to them down there? They think we cause them more trouble than almost any other friend, and they respect us in spite of or even because of that. What makes you think that the Americans feel that we are deferential to them?

**FRASER:** I don't know whether the Americans feel that we are or not, but I feel that we are. I must confess that it is largely over this business of recognizing or not recognizing Red China.

**PEARSON:** If there was a great question of principle involved we would not refrain from recognizing Red China because the Americans didn't want us to do it, or if there was a great question of national interest and national advantage—but is there?

**FRASER:** Yes. And the reason I think there is is that the American policy toward China is doing exactly the opposite of what its protagonists say it is doing in Asia. It is far from cementing—it is fraying—the ties between the West and the uncommitted nations of Asia. I am not talking about little places like Siam, but India and Pakistan. All the major nations of Asia regard it as a just grievance, not only on the part of China but on the part of Asia, that the United States should be preventing the other Western nations from doing what common sense tells them to do. This is not an unimportant matter at all in Asia. It is having a very serious effect.

**PEARSON:** I will agree that the matter is considerably important, but I don't think it's a question of major principle or national interest.

**FRASER:** It is always.

**SHAPIRO:** We've covered some ground on the Canadian relations with the United States as far as foreign policy is concerned. I wondered whether you would comment on our relations with Great Britain, especially since the events of last November. I was referring particularly to two remarks made in the debate in the Commons on the Suez question. One was by the Prime Minister—the "superman" remark; the other one was by you—the "colonial choreboy" remark. I was just wondering whether this reflected a new attitude on our part toward very close collaboration with Great Britain?

**PEARSON:** My view on what our relationship with Great Britain should be hasn't changed at all since the events of last autumn. You mentioned the "colonial choreboy" remark, but you must recall that I wasn't suggesting that we were a colonial choreboy; this expression was thrown at me by somebody else as de-

rogatory about our relations with the United States, suggesting that we were a choreboy of the United States. I said it is wrong to be a choreboy of the United States or the United Kingdom, or anybody else. But we're not, of course, and our relations with the United Kingdom remained close and friendly throughout all the difficult days and hours of last autumn. Our delegations were in close touch and even when we disagreed we talked things over. I have spent hours with them trying to see how we could work things out together. Sometimes we couldn't, but that seems to me to be the kind of relationship that makes the Commonwealth worthwhile. It is easy to be on good terms with somebody when you always agree with them, but to work out your disagreements in a friendly way so you won't disagree again in the future—that's the test of good relationship. I think we met that test last autumn, and far from stabbing the British in the back we took the opposite course; we really tried to get closer to them.

**SHAPIRO:** I agree that you certainly tried to be very constructive, to build a bridge between the United States and Great Britain, and you were very friendly toward Great Britain. But what I mean is a subtle change in relationship. Let me give you a specific example. When the Prime Minister came back from Bermuda he was asked whether a common policy on the Suez had been agreed upon and he gave a very equivocal answer. The answer, I believe, was that if a satisfactory agreement is reached it will be fine for everybody who is satisfied—some very equivocal answer.

**PEARSON:** It is not fair to base too many important conclusions on an observation that a man may make after a long plane trip.

**SHAPIRO:** No, the point I was trying to make was that before last November a Canadian prime minister coming back from a conference with a British prime minister over a question as far away from Canada as Suez and as close to Britain, as important to Britain as Suez is, there would have been no equivocation at all about it.

**PEARSON:** I think there has been a change, but not in the manner that you indicate. At Bermuda we talked a great deal about the Middle East, but we did talk about it from the point of view of two governments trying to get together on a policy. There is no doubt that that was the approach, that was the atmosphere. But a difference in our relations seems to me to have developed in twenty years. In the Twenties and Thirties we were very preoccupied about our relations with the United Kingdom, partly because of economic considerations. Most of our trade was going there, but we were also developing our constitutional status. To some sensitive people it seemed that the British were getting in the way of Canadian national political development. It also seemed to some—and there was some basis for this—that our independence of action was being prejudiced by British policy in Europe where the danger centres were. If anything happened in Europe we thought we would be dragged in again as we were in 1914. We weren't dragged in, of course, but we did come in. We were very worried lest British policy should bring us into a conflict in a way which would disturb the unity of this country.

Now all those worries have gone. We don't have to worry about our constitutional condition. Nobody is sensitive about that any longer. Downing Street is a place where we go and have dinner now, not a place where they are trying to decide what the Canadians will do. Moreover the British do not primarily determine now the great forces of politics which lead to peace and war; they influence those forces importantly. They have wisdom and experience, which perhaps we should use more. But they don't themselves determine events as much as the Americans do. Just as soon as we realized in this country that the Americans were now the people who might drag us into trouble again — again I use that word "drag" very loosely—we began to worry more about our political relations with the United States and less about our political relations with the United Kingdom. The latter country changed from a rather formidable father to a kindly big brother to whom we could go for comfort and encouragement!

**FRASER:** Do you think the UNEF, the United Nations police force, or something like it, should become a permanent thing?

**PEARSON:** I don't think of a UN police force in the terms that were in the minds of the people who drew up the charter. They thought of the UN preserving the peace, policing the peace by overwhelming force. If anybody wanted to start trouble the UN force would move in. That postulated the working together of the great powers and was provided for in the charter through the Security Council, and the Security Council was given certain powers to enforce the peace. Now that's all gone and there is no point in talking about it as long as the world is divided. But a UN police force in the sense of an organization created with a headquarters in New York and with governments pledged to contribute up to a certain amount to that police force, which would be ready to go into action at a moment's notice to put an end to brush fires, or to get between the combatants and stay there until the danger of new fighting was over — that kind of police force, it seems to me, makes sense. It really would be a sort of extension and a perpetuation of the present police force we have in Egypt and in Gaza.

**FRASER:** How could it be permanent when the personnel of the force has to be adapted to each particular situation?

**PEARSON:** It wouldn't be very difficult if the will to do it were there. Take our own position. We would earmark, as we were willing to earmark in 1950 under the Uniting for Peace resolution, a certain number and kind of troops, available for United Nations service to carry out United Nations resolutions, subject, of course, always to the consent of our parliament. Other countries would make the same kind of offer and there would be a headquarters in New York which would know at any one time what it could call on. If we needed, say, three thousand men now to go out to Jordan under a UN resolution, the military director in the secretary-general's staff in New York would know that so-and-so had offered in advance to send a thousand infantrymen and that other governments had done the same. It would all be organized in advance. The troops would have been trained for this kind of work. The staff would have been created and the force would be on the way in a few days.

**FRASER:** But the operative point is: will the consent of the country to which it is sent be necessary?

**PEARSON:** In theory it would have to

be. But let's take Jordan again. Supposing the situation collapsed there and various countries knew that Jordan was collapsing. But there was great rivalry as to who would move in. It might be possible by a large vote of the United Nations, although it wouldn't perhaps be strictly speaking legal under the charter, for the United Nations to take action even against the wishes of a state which was disappearing in order to prevent confusion and trouble.

**FRASER:** You are taking an extreme case now.

**PEARSON:** Normally you would have to have the consent of the state in which the UN force was operating. If the force was to go to a frontier between two conflicting states and get between the forces, you'd have to have agreement from both those countries. In other words, you would have an armistice between the conflicting forces and you would also have an agency to police the armistice.

**FRASER:** To come back to something you were saying earlier about the British no longer determining the major questions: there are now two determining

forces and one of the questions that keeps cropping up in discussions of international affairs is whether or not any good is served by direct negotiations with the Soviet Union—the so-called summit meetings, on the one hand, or indeed direct negotiations between smaller countries and Russia such as, for example, West Germany. What are the Canadian government's views on that?

**PEARSON:** We have, of course, been greatly influenced in this matter of direct negotiations at the summit by the powers that have to take part in the summit



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negotiations. We may tell them that we think it is a good time to have a Geneva conference; you ought to meet the Russians. We can advise perhaps, and influence them, but not determine. I don't believe that too many of these summit conferences are normally of much value except on rare occasions for specific purposes and after very careful preparation. But I think we ought to be doing more than we do to use the ordinary channels of diplomacy for getting in touch with the Russians more. I think we should never treat our differences with them as

though they are untouchable or untalkable. That's one of the ways in which the United Nations is most valuable; the contacts that we can establish and maintain with the various delegations, including the Communist delegation. And that's how we're working out disarmament talks now through a small committee of the United Nations.

**FRASER:** Do you feel, then, that there is no reason why any member of NATO, for example, if it has something to discuss with the Russians, shouldn't just take it up with the Russians?

**PEARSON:** I see no reason why not. But every member of NATO has an obligation as a member of that collective organization to discuss such a proposal with the other members before it's taken up with the Russians.

**FRASER:** Notify them but not necessarily be ruled by their views.

**PEARSON:** Not necessarily, but certainly to consult with them. That's one of the things we complain about so much. We, for instance, would have no right to talk with the Russians with a view to making some kind of an agreement over

the Arctic without first having discussed the question with our partners in NATO, because that is what NATO means.

**SHAPIRO:** One last question on NATO. Do you think that in view of the recent cleavages among NATO nations NATO now has as strong a future as you envisaged, say, two or three years ago?

**PEARSON:** That's a very hard question to answer. But I don't think we ought to be too discouraged by what has happened to NATO in recent years. They are building up the habit of consultation in Paris. Things take time. It is becoming understood that no one member of NATO should make an important change in defense or foreign policy without the others being consulted. They don't always carry this out in practice, but that's the principle. You have a good example in the new British defense policy. The British made up their minds what they were going to do, but they did go to both the Western European Council and to NATO and argued it out with their NATO colleagues before they came to a final decision, and they modified their plans as a result of that discussion. All that sort of thing is encouraging, and the fact that we have trouble inside NATO doesn't mean that the organization ceases to be of value. It is when you have trouble that the organization might be of most value. Cyprus is a good example. Perhaps NATO can help there. If the British Commonwealth of Nations consisted only of governments whose policies were always similar and who were very friendly to each other it would take on some different aspects from those which it has at present. Indeed, one of the values of the Commonwealth today is that it is a place where one or two of the members can sit around a table and talk to each other about their disputes. Even when they disagree strongly there they do so in a way that gives you the impression they are still trying to find agreement. You feel this at Commonwealth meetings. You are beginning to feel it at NATO council meetings, which are acquiring the atmosphere of cabinet discussions within a government.

**FRASER:** Right through this discussion it has become clear, I think, in all our minds that you feel the United States is having a more and more profound effect on the politics of the Western world. Its power relationship has increased tremendously. Would you care to say where you feel the United States is going in foreign policy on a long range?

**PEARSON:** I'm not sure where it's going. I know where I hope it is going. I hope it will be going in the direction of greater Atlantic unity, which means more and more consideration must be given by the United States to the Western European countries and to Canada in the determination of policy. I hope it is also going to take advantage of every possible and practicable opportunity to negotiate differences with the Russians. This may seem to be a counsel of perfection at the present moment, but the thing that discourages me most is the possibility that we may give up the struggle to find solutions and fall back into the mood: "Oh, let's just keep strong and wait for the catastrophe. We can't do anything about these problems with Moscow, leave them alone." It would be relatively easy merely to keep building up our military strength and let our diplomacy become rigid and based on fear alone. Surely it is important, both for the United States and the Western coalition, and equally important for the Soviet Union, to keep in touch with each other and never to abandon any hope or possibility of practical negotiations. ★



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For the sake of argument continued from page 8

"Apparently the RCMP collects rumors. Then it hands this trash over to a foreign power"

	Budget	Uniformed Strength	Specials
1925-26	\$ 2,251,000	876	87
1935-36	6,165,000	2,364	136
1945-46	12,059,000	2,456	173
1955-56	36,557,000	4,569	362

What is all this money and all these men being used for? The RCMP has a fine tradition, inherited from old North West Mounted Police days. But traditions do not just go on: they have to be maintained. And now that the RCMP has become a universal police force it cannot expect to retain the dashing military reputation it had when it was a frontier constabulary. It is still in part a frontier constabulary, but it is also a municipal police force, a provincial police force (eight provinces out of ten), an anti-drug-traffic organization, and a secret police. Its service as a municipal and provincial police force brings a dangerous degree of centralization in our police forces. A government that had a long-range vision of popular liberty would not allow it; that, however, is another story. It is as a secret police that the RCMP's role contrasts most sharply with its old functions. Musical rides and brilliant uniforms do not go well with the habits of the investigator and the spy. When the police collect rumor from "unidentified sub-sources" and treat it seriously (fancy the stacks of it that must be filed away in Ottawa), it is hard to see how they can be distinguished from secret police in other countries, most of them of evil repute.

#### The gun wasn't loaded

Yet apparently rumor-collecting is one of the RCMP's functions. Worse still, it hands this trash over to representatives of a foreign power, for them to use at their discretion. Surely such activity is more dangerous to our liberty than the threats it is supposed to guard us against.

Those who have watched Canadian affairs over the years will probably date the beginnings of the decline of the RCMP from the depression years.

I remember calling at a government building in Ottawa during the Imperial Economic Conference of 1932. The old ex-Dominion policeman on the door was all dressed up in a new uniform, with a heavy revolver at his side. I said to him: "You look very dangerous with that weapon; have you tried it on anybody yet?" "No," he replied, drawing it from its holster, "as a matter of fact, they didn't issue us any ammunition for it." We both laughed.

One can still laugh with the policeman in most of our Ottawa buildings, for the pleasant old atmosphere of confidence is by no means gone. And, moreover, when one has official business with the RCMP, he is invariably politely and correctly received. But an incident from the later 1930s perhaps indicates the trend. A friend of mine told me at the time that he had been meeting with a few other men—privately—in a municipal building to discuss foreign affairs. One day the janitor said to him that a Mountie had been round inviting him to listen at the keyhole, as it were, on the allegation that "those fellows are Communists." So apparently things were changing.

And then came the emphasis on "security" during the war, with the people ready to give unlimited elbow-room to the military and the police, because of

the threats from Hitler. With the atmosphere like that, there came at the end of the war the famous "spy trials" which predisposed a large section of the public to decisive action against suspects. After those held for inquisition had been kept

incommunicado for some time, a man said to me, "They must be guilty or they wouldn't have arrested them." How much did it mean to him that one of the finest of our traditions is that a man is innocent until he is proved guilty?

Has all this tempted us Canadians to begin taking leaves out of Nazi and Communist books?

I once had an interview with the Russian Ogpu, at that time the name for their secret police: two, in fact, one at a station

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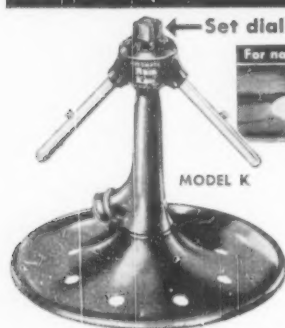
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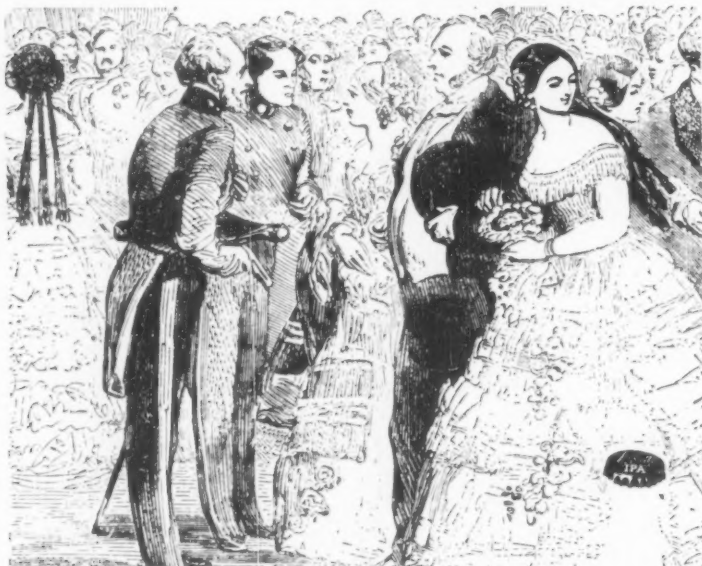
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1st. MILITARY GENT: One can discern a man's

character by his tastes, ma'am. Show me a man whose habit it is to drink India Pale Ale at all times, and I will show you the very essence of masculinity.

LADY: This ale must be a veritable elixir. Would it be unmanly of me to venture upon a glass?

BOTH MILITARY GENTS: Indeed no, ma'am. (Raising their voices) Ho there! Three India Pale Ales.



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halfway between Moscow and Leningrad about two in the morning, the other on the Finnish border. I certainly would not wish to fall into the clutches of those lads!

We do not expect our federal police to turn into an OGPU. But we would be poor citizens if we were not aware of the direction in which a police force leads which is maintained mainly for political purposes. It leads, and perhaps speedily, toward the dreaded secret police of these older, unfree countries, and it must be pretty hard to keep out of it all the practices associated with such forces—the secret interviews, the agents provocateurs, the spies, the midnight arrests, the inquisitions. And these must sooner or later drag in their wake the whole list of horrors—the cruelties to extort confessions (that is, torture), the brain-washing, all that against which we are ready to fight. Wouldn't it be ironic if we found ourselves fighting for it? "Can it happen here?" Of course it can, and the greater our ignorance of what goes on behind closed official doors, the more quickly it is likely to happen.

Here again, it is possible that the tradition of the RCMP may be our salvation and its own, for in its origins it was more a military than a police force. We assume that our soldiers are citizens, imbued with the same attitude as the rest of us, and I think we are right. Let us hope that we can make the same assumption about our political police.

But then, there is this business of collecting hearsay. Is that soldierly conduct? Collecting careless and casual hearsay? From "unidentified sub-sources"? Then, inability to trace the rumor, casualness in reporting it to the American political police. Meanwhile an able servant of

Canadian diplomacy takes his own life.

One wonders how far this tie-in with the FBI has gone. Have our police been playing the same subordinate role to it as our Teamsters' unions have played to Dave Beck? One gets used to labor unions being controlled from across the line but it comes with something of a shock to think the same sort of thing may be happening to branches of our government.

But, says the reader, the RCMP is under the minister of justice, a responsible cabinet minister. The answer to that one is simple: many modern branches of government, thanks to the complexity of their affairs, are virtually laws unto themselves and ministerial interference can neither be frequent nor effective. It would take a strong minister indeed to assert himself against the organized police. Let him, for example, try to cut down the money they demand from him! As often as not, now that bureaucracy has grown so portentously, the servant of the state, whether civil servant or policeman, is not in reality so much responsible to the minister as the minister is to him. So the RCMP, a powerful and wealthy branch of government, for practical purposes can be assumed to be an autonomous body; as long as some general ministerial assent lies somewhere in the background, it is probably not far from a law unto itself.

The sooner this state of things is ended the better. Only a vigilant public opinion, reflected in genuine parliamentary control, will end it. The sooner we citizens insist that our servants cease to disseminate hearsay under the guise of official duty, the better it will be for this country of ours. ★



London Letter continued from page 10

## "Its mounting victory over newspapers is not enough for TV; it has to know why it's winning"

matter whether there is one magazine less? In answer I would ask you to summon your imagination and see what happens to the staff turning out the last issue of their publication.

Proofs, placed before the editor and sub-editors, will be corrected and passed by men who, next week, will be looking for work in an ever-diminishing field. The editor has given his last okay. The signal is flashed to the machine room; the presses begin to roar as the copies pour down the chutes to the waiting lorries outside.

"Not a bad issue," says the assistant editor as he looks with the pride of a professional at a copy fresh from the presses. Next week? Ah well, it will be fun to take the wife for a holiday at a small seaside hotel.

Some of the staffers will find editorial work elsewhere, some will find openings in advertising agencies, some will just walk the Street of Ink, the Street of Heartbreak.

These are the men who are falling in TV's mounting victory over Britain's press. But victory alone is not enough for TV; it has to know why it's winning. With an almost ghoulish sense of topicality, distance runner Chris Chataway, who combines athletics with televised commentaries, questioned a panel of journal-

ists, including staff members of the stricken Picture Post.

Some of the comments were pretty tough and some of the punches were pretty low, but no one can deny the charge made by one of the panelists that the rise of the dominating proprietor has tended to reduce the editor to a secondary importance. In fact, it might be

## For Sunburn



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said that now the order of seniority in the newspaper and magazine world is: 1, the proprietor; 2, the general manager; 3, the editor.

The explanation would be that competition has become so severe that the editor must come under the restraint of those who have to supply the finance. But the danger appears when restraint becomes authority over the editor and the general policy of the publication.

Yet there is one anachronism that deserves the consideration of all of us who live by means of the printed word. The sale of books is on the upgrade. No longer do book publishers gather at the wailing wall. It would seem that what the more intelligent level of the British public wants is to read something that deals with the eternal human values and not merely with the affairs of the moment.

These were the thoughts that crowded my mind as I left the ceremonies at Stationers' Hall and wandered into Fleet Street. I had come to the hall as a Sta-

tioner and, therefore, a Freeman of the City of London—a distinction that permits me to wear a bayonet, and protects me from arrest for drunkenness. I had savored the quiet humor and dignity of a speech by a fellow Stationer, Prime Minister Harold Macmillan, whose family publishing house is an international institution which, incidentally, relieves him from any financial worries.

But it was the memory of a pageant we saw that evening that lingered with me. Apprentice printers, dressed in seventeenth-century costumes, had leaped to the centre of the hall and were there confronted by no less a person than Charles II.

"What is the enterprise of Stationer?" demanded the Merry Monarch who, on this occasion, was in a serious mood.

Proudly the senior apprentice answered, "Shakespeare, Milton and King James's Bible are our choice. Only thus can this balding rubbish be kept down."

It may well be, I thought as I strolled along Fleet Street, that the words were more topical than they had at first seemed. ★

## My most memorable meal: No. 25

### Father Athol Murray

recalls



## A black-bass fry fit for the gods

A small green island in a blue lake—Juniper Island in Ontario's Kawartha Lakes.

Borders of white sand under overhanging spruce boughs, songs of birds, whirr of insect wings, and leaping fish making circles in the bright water.

I was fourteen, paddling bow.

Along the shore great clumps of iris gave us welcome, royal in purple and gold. Nearer we came and nearer, till the canoe glided up the sand, and we stepped ashore.

I had caught my first bass. Black bass.

A large flat rock stood there like an altar under the sky. There was our table.

Fringed cedars guarded it. Tall mulleins stood around it, like straight green candlesticks tipped with pale yellow flames, and a wild grapevine covered it with a cloth of waving green.

First ashore was Alan, the shyly gracious brother of the famed poet Pauline Johnson. He was past master of the art and science of living in the woods. He had taught me how to paddle as Indians paddle. He knew where the bass always bite, where the deer are most apt to drink. He needed only a canoe and the shadow of a rock to be at home in the wilderness. To a

boy he was truly a noble friend.

Came then the master camper, Edward Renouf, world-famous chemist of the Johns Hopkins Medical School in Baltimore, man of cities and universities, scientist and traveler, one of the Remsen-Osler circle. He needed nothing more than a frying pan and a coffee pot to set up housekeeping. Lacking a bowl, he mixed us a biscuit in the mouth of the flour sack. His oven was two stones against the bank with a flat one laid across them. Given a potato and a slice of bacon, with the rumor of an onion, and a twig fire to cook over he turned us out that black bass as food for the gods of the forest.

Round us the sumac blazed triumphantly.

The island recedes now into the sunset. I am sixty-five.

I think of those grander guys, now gone, sitting with a thrilled boy round that flat rock—and that black bass. And I think of the mulleins as candles in tall beautiful candlesticks, tipped with pale golden flames.

It was a meal deserving of Virgil's praise: *Haec olim meminisse juvabit* — This repast sometime we shall haply remember with delight.

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# Parade

## Sir John A. — via the U.S.A.

**Dominion Day note:** The plaque mounted on an old office building in Kingston, Ont., a few years ago by the local historical society to mark the place where "John A. Macdonald, Father of Confederation and First Prime Minister of the Dominion of Canada Began the Practice of Law in 1835," was manufactured in the U.S.A.

player standing close by, and there was a Presley record already on the turntable. She flipped the switch, turned the volume high, moved the phone as close as she could, and by the last quaver of I'm All Shook Up everybody else had hung up and her line was clear.

\* \* \*

Shortly before school got out, a teacher in Chilliwack, B.C., discovered that her total haul of marbles collected from youngsters careless enough to spill them

\* \* \*

A resident of Orillia, Ont., sends us this helpful guide to tourists who may find themselves wandering around in circles there, en route to northern Ontario: "South St. in Orillia runs west from West St. North, and North St. runs east and west from West St. North, but South St. is north of North St." Any travelers who don't find that too clear can take the bypass around Orillia, but if they penetrate the hinterland as far northwest as the Kenora country we hope they don't get taken by the locals in as shameful a fashion as an American tourist we've heard about.

This gullible city slicker flagged down a local motorist on the highway between Kenora and Sioux Narrows. He said he had struck and killed a dog that had bounded out of the underbrush, there were no homes nearby and he didn't know how he could find the owners to apologize, and he was on his way home to the States. "I live around here, so don't you worry—just leave everything to me," said his friend-in-need, and after



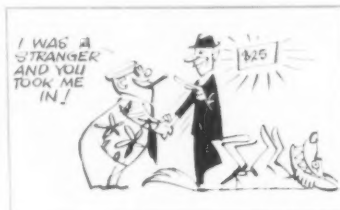
out of their pockets during class had reached ninety-eight. The term about over she decided to give them back, but not knowing whom they all belonged to and being a good sport she said she'd let the kids win them back from her at recess. This system, she explained, should be both fast and fair. Only trouble was, when recess was over she found she had a hundred and three marbles.

\* \* \*

"Take notice," ordered one of those stern legal announcements in a Toronto newspaper, that the courts were preparing to "hear the application of John Alexander Brown to change his name to John Alexander Smith."

\* \* \*

There's a kiddies' TV program seen in southern Ontario, a feature of which is a progressive story in which the teacher starts to tell a story and then each of the youngsters in the audience that day in turn makes up what happens next. A Milton mother was watching the other day with her own brood, having been fascinated on previous occasions the way teacher kept the kiddies spinning it out for several minutes of exciting adventure. This time teacher started: "Mr. Whitey, the fluffy, fluffy rabbit, ran across the green grass and quickly jumped into his little hole in the ground..." Then she pointed dramatically at a wide-eyed boy in the studio story circle, who added eagerly: "And died!"



profuse thanks the American drove off greatly relieved. Then as soon as he was out of sight the local man threw the dead wolf into the trunk of his car and drove to town to collect the twenty-five-dollar bounty.

\* \* \*

At last: a practical workaday use for Elvis Presley. A Saskatoon housewife encountered one of those baffling electronic hazards the other morning when about five other telephone lines became crossed with hers, and every time she tried to "get out" it seemed she was connected with everybody except the friend she wanted to call. One gruff male voice even suggested rudely, "Why don't you get off the line?" That gave her the bright idea. There was her teen-age son's record

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.

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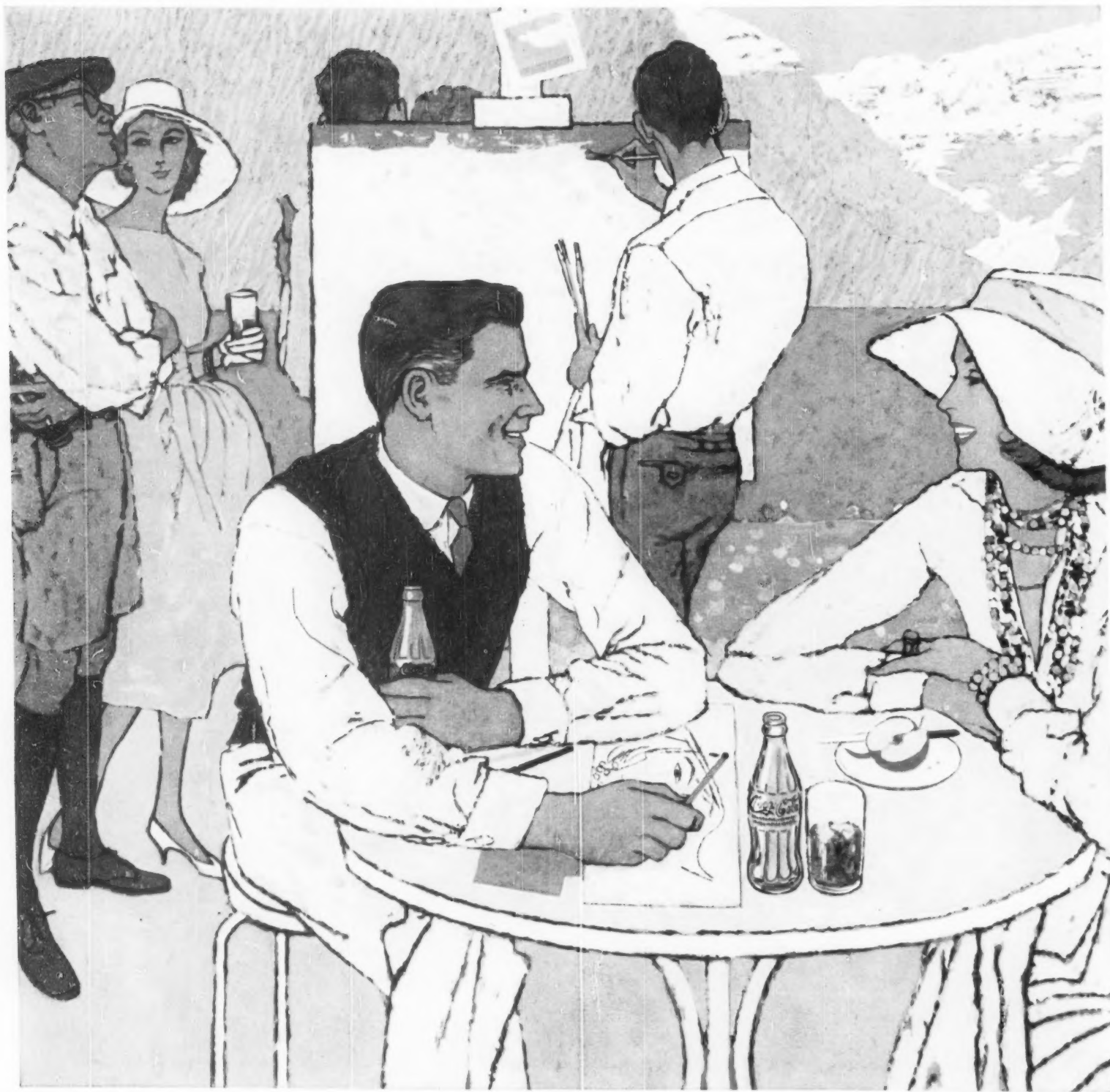
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